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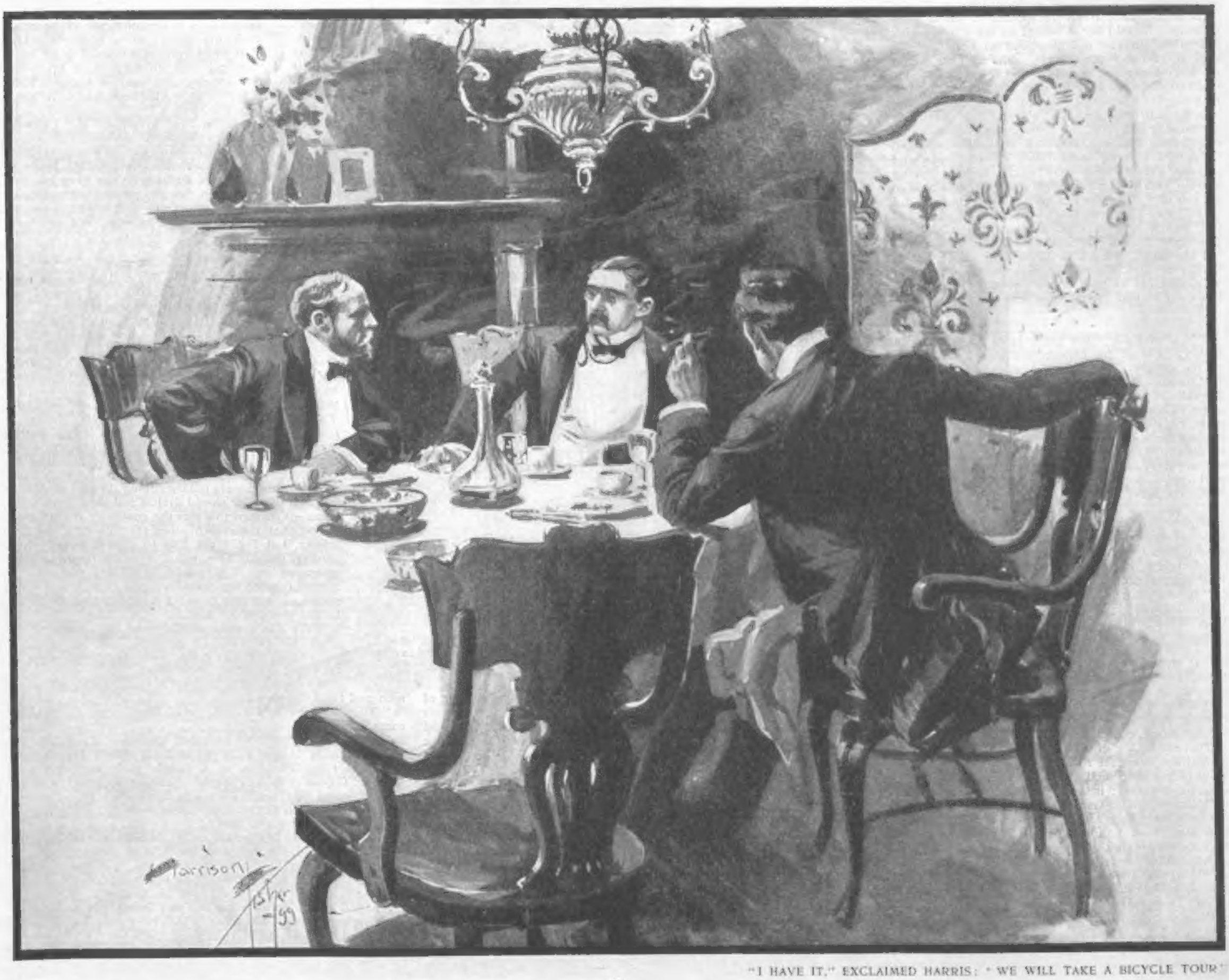
Three MEN on Four WHEELS

By Jerome K. Jerome

Author of Three Men in a Boat



"I HAVE IT," EXCLAIMED HARRIS; "WE WILL TAKE A BICYCLE TOUR"

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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First Chapter

"WHAT we want," said Harris, "is a change."

At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Harris put her head in to say that Ethelbertha had sent her to remind me that we must not be late getting home because of Clarence. Ethelbertha, I am inclined to think, is unnecessarily nervous about the children. As a matter of fact, there was nothing wrong with the child whatever. He had been out with his aunt that morning, and if he looks wistfully at a pastry cook's window she takes him inside and buys him cream buns and "maids of honor" until he insists that he has had enough and politely but firmly refuses to eat another anything. Then, of course, he wants only one helping of pudding at lunch, and Ethelbertha thinks he is sickening for something. Mrs. Harris added that it would be as well for us to come upstairs soon on our own account also, as otherwise we should miss Muriel's rendering of the Mad Hatter's Tea-Party, out of Alice in Wonderland. Muriel is Harris' second, age eight; she is a bright, intelligent child; but I prefer her myself in serious pieces. We said we would finish our cigarettes and follow almost immediately; we also begged her not to let Muriel begin until we arrived. She promised to hold the child back as long as possible, and went. Harris, as soon as the door was closed, resumed his interrupted sentence:

"You know what I mean," he said. "A complete change."

The question was, how to get it.

George suggested "business." It was the sort of suggestion George would make. A bachelor thinks a married woman doesn't know enough to get out of the way of a steam roller; they bring them up that way. I knew a young fellow once, an engineer, who thought he would go to Vienna "on business." His wife wanted to know what business; he told her it would be his duty to visit the mines in the neighborhood of the Austrian capital, and to make reports. She said she would go with him; she was that sort of woman. He tried to dissuade her; he told her that a mine was no place for a beautiful woman. She said she felt that herself, and therefore she did not intend to accompany him down the shafts; she would see him start in the morning, and then amuse herself until his return looking around the Vienna shops and buying a few things she might want. Having started the idea, he did not see very well how to get out of it; and for ten long summer days he did visit the mines in the neighborhood of Vienna, and in the evening wrote reports about them, which she posted for him to his firm, who didn't want them.

I should be grieved to think that either Ethelbertha or Mrs. Harris belonged to that class of wife, but it is as well not to overdo "business"; it should be kept for cases of real emergency.

"No," I said, "the thing is to be frank and manly. I shall tell Ethelbertha that I have come to the conclusion a *man* never values happiness that is always with him. I shall tell her that for the sake of learning to appreciate my own advantages as I know they should be appreciated I intend to tear myself away from her and the children for at least three weeks. I shall tell her," I continued, turning to Harris, "that it is you who have shown me my duty in this respect; that it is to you she will owe——"

Harris put down his glass rather hurriedly.

"If you don't mind, old man," he said, "I'd really rather you didn't; she'll talk it over with my wife—and—well, I should not be happy, taking credit that I did not deserve."

"But you do deserve it," I insisted; "it was your suggestion."

"It was you who gave me the idea," interrupted Harris again; "you know you said it was a mistake for a man to get into a groove—that unbroken domesticity cloyed the brain."

"I was speaking generally," I explained.

"It struck me as very apt," said Harris. "I thought of repeating it to Clara. She has a great opinion of your sense, I know. I am sure that if——"

"We won't risk it," I interrupted in my turn. "It is a delicate matter, and I see a way out of it. We will say George suggested the idea."

There is a lack of genial helpfulness about George that it sometimes vexes me to notice. You would have thought he would have welcomed the chance of assisting two old friends out of a dilemma; instead, he became disagreeable.

"You do," said George, "and I shall tell them both that my original plan was that we should make a party, children and all. That I should bring my aunt, and that we should hire a charming old château I know of in Normandy—on the coast, where the climate is peculiarly adapted to delicate children, and the milk such as you do not get in England. I shall add that you overrode that suggestion, arguing we should be happier by ourselves."

With George kindness is of no use; you have to be firm.

"You do," said Harris, "and I for one will close with the offer. We will just take that château. You will bring your aunt—I will see to that—and we will have a month of it. The children are all fond of you and I shall be nowhere. You've promised to teach Edgar fishing, and it is you who will have to play wild beasts; since last Sunday Dick and Muriel have talked of nothing else but your hippopotamus. We will picnic in the woods—there will only be eleven of us—and in the evenings we will have music and recitations. Muriel is master of six pieces already, as perhaps you know; and all the other children are quick studies."

George climbed down. He has no real courage. He could not even do it gracefully. He said that if we were mean and cowardly and false-hearted enough to stoop to such a shabby trick he supposed he couldn't help it; and that if I didn't intend to finish the whole bottle of claret myself he would trouble me to spare him a glass. He also added somewhat illogically that it really did not matter, seeing both Ethelbertha and Mrs. Harris were women of sense, who would judge him better than to believe for a moment that the suggestion emanated from him.

This little point settled, the question was: What sort of a change?

Harris as usual was for the sea; but we do not listen much to Harris now. He said he knew a yacht—just the very thing, one that we could manage by ourselves—no skulking lot of lubbers loafing about adding expense and taking away from the romance of the thing. Give him a handy boy and he would sail it himself. We knew that yacht and we told him so; we had been on it with Harris before. It smells of bilge-water and greens to the exclusion of all other scents; no ordinary sea air can hope to make head against it; so far as sense of smell is concerned one might be spending a week in Limehouse Hole. There is no place to get out of the rain; the saloon is ten feet by four, and half of that is taken up by a stove which falls to pieces when you go to light it. You have to take your bath on deck, and the towel blows overboard just as you step out of the tub. Harris and the boy do all the interesting work—the lugging and the reefing, the letting her go and the heeling her over, and all that sort of thing, leaving George and myself to peel the potatoes and wash up.

"Very well, then," said Harris; "let's take a proper yacht with a skipper and do the thing in style."

That also I objected to. I know that skipper; his notion of yachting is to lie in what he calls the offing, where he can be well in touch with his wife and family and his favorite public house.

Years ago when I was young and inexperienced I hired a yacht myself. Three things combined to lead me into this foolishness: I had had a stroke of unexpected luck; Ethelbertha had expressed a yearning for sea air; and the very next morning, in taking up casually at the club a copy of the Sportsman, I came across the following advertisement:

> TO YACHTSMEN. UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY. ROGUE, 28-TON YAWL. Owner called away suddenly on business is willing to let this superbly fitted "greyhound of the sea" for any period, short or long. Two cabins and a saloon; planette by Woffenkoff; new copper. Terms, 10 guineas a week. Apply, PRETWEE & Co., 3a, Bucklersbury.

It seemed to me like the answer to a prayer. The "new copper" did not interest me; what little washing we might want could wait, I thought. But the "planette by Woffenkoff" sounded alluring. I pictured Ethelbertha playing in the evening—something with a chorus, in which, perhaps, the crew, with a little training, might join—while our moving home bounded 'greyhound'-like over the billows.

I took a cab and drove direct to 3a, Bucklersbury. Mr. Pertwee was an unpretentious-looking gentleman who had an unostentatious office on the third floor. He showed me a picture in water-colors of the Rogue flying before the wind. The deck was at an angle of ninety-five to the ocean; in the picture no human beings were represented on the deck. I supposed they had slipped off—indeed, I do not see how any one could have kept on, unless nailed. I pointed out this disadvantage to the agent, who, however, explained to me that the picture represented the Rogue doubling something or other on the well-known occasion of her winning the Medway Challenge Shield. Mr. Pertwee assumed that I knew all about the event, so that I did not like to ask any questions. Two specks near the frame of the picture, which at first I had taken for moths, represented, it appeared, the second and third winners in this celebrated race. A photograph of the yacht, at anchor off Gravesend, was less impressive but suggested more stability. All answers to my inquiries being satisfactory, I took the thing for a fortnight. Mr. Pertwee said it was fortunate I wanted it for only a fortnight—later I came to agree with him—the same fitting in exactly with another hiring. Had I required it for three weeks he would have been compelled to refuse me.

The letting being thus arranged, Mr. Pertwee asked me if I had a skipper in my eye; that I had not was also fortunate—things seemed to be turning out luckily for me all round—because Mr. Pertwee felt sure I could not do better than keep on Mr. Goyles, at present in charge; an excellent skipper—so Mr. Pertwee assured me—a man who knew the sea as a man knows his own wife, and who had never lost a life.

It was still early in the day and the yacht was lying off Harwich. I caught the 10.45 from Liverpool Street, and by one o'clock was talking to Mr. Goyles on deck. He was a stout man, and had a fatherly way with him. I told him my idea, which was to take the outlying Dutch Islands and then creep up to Norway. He said, "Aye, aye, sir," and appeared quite enthusiastic about the trip; said he should enjoy it himself. We came to the question of victualing and he grew more enthusiastic. The amount of food suggested by Mr. Goyles I confess surprised me; had we been living in the days of Drake and the Spanish Main I should have thought he was arranging for something illegal. However, he laughed in his fatherly way, and assured me we were not overdoing it; and anything left over the crew would divide and take home with them—it seemed this was the custom. It appeared to me that I was providing for this crew for the winter, but I did not like to appear stingy, and said no more. The amount of drink required also surprised me. I arranged for what I thought we should require for ourselves, and then Mr. Goyles spoke up for the crew; I must say that for him: he did think of his men.

"We don't want anything in the nature of an orgie, Mr. Goyles," I suggested.

"Orgie!" replied Mr. Goyles; "why, they'll take that little drop in their tea."

He explained to me that his motto was, get good men and treat them well.

"They work better for you," said Mr. Goyles, "and they come again."

Personally, I didn't feel I wanted them to come again. I was beginning to take a dislike to them before I had seen them. I regarded them as a greedy and guzzling crew. But Mr. Goyles was so cheerfully emphatic, and I was so inexperienced that again I let him have his way. He also promised that even in this department he would see to it personally that nothing was wasted.

I also left him to engage the crew; he said he could do the thing, and would, for me, with the help of two men and a boy. If he was alluding to the clearing up of the victuals and drink I think he was making an underestimate; but possibly he may have been speaking of the sailing of the yacht.

I called at my tailor's on the way home and ordered a yachting suit, with a white hat, which they promised to bustle up and have ready in time; and then I went home and told Ethelbertha all I had done. Her delight was clouded by only one reflection: would the dressmaker be able to

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

—the door opened and Mrs. Harris put her head in

Editor's Note—This is the first of fourteen installments, each of which is practically complete in itself, and may be read with enjoyment independently of preceding or subsequent chapters.

finish a yachting costume for her in time? That is so like a woman.

Our honeymoon, which had taken place not very long before, had been somewhat curtailed, so we decided we would invite nobody, but have the yacht to ourselves. And thankful I am to Heaven that we did so decide. On Monday we put on all our clothes and started. I forget what Ethelbertha wore, but whatever it may have been it looked very fetching. My own costume was a dark blue, trimmed with a narrow white braid, which, I think, was rather effective.

Mr. Goyles met us on deck and told us that lunch was ready. I must admit Goyles had secured the services of a very fair cook. The capabilities of the other members of the crew I never had any opportunity of judging. Speaking of them in a state of rest, however, I can say of them they appeared to be a cheerful crew.

My idea had been that so soon as the men had finished their dinner we would weigh anchor, while I, smoking a cigar, with Ethelbertha by my side, would lean over the gunwale and watch the white cliffs of the fatherland sink imperceptibly into the horizon. Ethelbertha and I carried out our part of the program and waited, with the deck to ourselves.

"They seem to be taking their time," said Ethelbertha.

"If in the course of fourteen days," I said, "they eat half of what is on this yacht, they will want a fairly long time for every meal. We had better not hurry them or they won't get through a quarter of it."

"They must have gone to sleep," said Ethelbertha later. "It will be tea-time soon."

They were certainly very quiet. I went fore and hailed Captain Goyles down the ladder. I hailed him three times; then he came up slowly. He appeared to be a heavier and older man than when I had seen him last. He had a cold cigar in his mouth.

"When you are ready, Captain Goyles," I said, "we'll start."

Captain Goyles removed the cigar from his mouth.

"Not to-day we won't, sir," he replied, "*with* your permission."

"Why, what's the matter with to-day?" I said. I know sailors are a superstitious folk; I thought maybe a Monday might be considered unlucky.

"The day's all right," answered Captain Goyles. "It's the wind I'm a-thinking of. It don't look much like changing."

"But do we want it to change?" I asked. "It seems to me to be just where it should be, dead behind us."

"Aye, aye," said Captain Goyles, "'dead's' the right word to use, for dead we'd all be, bar Providence, if we was to put out in this. You see, sir," he explained in answer to my look of surprise, "this is what we call a 'land wind'—that is, it's a-blowing, as one might say, direct off the land."

When I came to think of it the man was right; the wind was blowing off the land.

"It may change in the night," said Captain Goyles more hopefully; "anyhow, it's not violent, and she rides well."

Captain Goyles resumed his cigar, and I returned aft and explained to Ethelbertha the reason for the delay. Ethelbertha, who appeared to be less high-spirited than when we first boarded, wanted to know *why* we couldn't sail when the wind was off the land.

"If it was not blowing off the land," said Ethelbertha, "it would be blowing off the sea, and that would send us back on to the shore again. It seems to me this is just the very wind we want."

I said, "That is your inexperience, love; it *seems* to be the very wind we want, but it is not. It's what we call a land wind, and a land wind is always very dangerous."

Ethelbertha wanted to know *why* a land wind was very dangerous.

Her argumentativeness annoyed me somewhat; maybe I was feeling a bit cross; the monotonous rolling heave of a small yacht at anchor depresses an ardent spirit.

"I can't explain it to you," I replied, which was true; "but to set sail in this wind would be the height of foolhardiness, and I care for you too much, dear, to expose you to unnecessary risk."

I thought this rather a neat conclusion, but Ethelbertha merely replied that she wished under the circumstances we hadn't come on board till Tuesday, and went below.

In the morning the wind veered around to the north; I was up early, and observed this to Captain Goyles.

"Aye, aye, sir," he remarked; "it's unfortunate, but it can't be helped."

"You don't think it possible for us to start to-day?" I hazarded.

He did not get angry with me; he only laughed.

"Well, sir," said he, "if you was a-wanting to go to Ipswich, I should say it couldn't be better for us, but our destination being, as you see, the Dutch coast—why, there you are."

I broke the news to Ethelbertha, and we agreed to spend the day on shore. Harwich is not a merry town; toward evening you might call it dull. We had some tea and watercress at Dovercourt, and then returned to the quay to look for Captain Goyles and the boat. We waited an hour for him. When he came he was more cheerful than we were; if he had not told me himself that he never drank anything but one glass of hot grog before turning in for the night I should have said he had been drinking. The next morning the wind was in the south, which made Captain Goyles rather anxious, it appearing that it was equally unsafe to move or to stop where we were; our only hope was it would change before anything happened. By this time Ethelbertha had taken a dislike to the yacht; she said that personally she would rather be spending a week in a bathing-machine, seeing that a bathing-machine was at least steady. We passed another day in Harwich, and that night and the next, the wind still continuing in the south, we slept at the King's Head. On Friday the wind was blowing direct from the east. I met Captain Goyles on the quay and suggested that under these circumstances we might start. He appeared irritated at my persistence

"If you knew a bit more, sir," he said, "you'd see for yourself that it's impossible. The wind's a-blowing direct off the sea."

GRAIN BY HARRISON FISHER

I said, "Captain Goyles, tell me frankly—what is this thing I have hired? Is it a yacht or a houseboat?"

I said, "Captain Goyles, tell me frankly—what is this thing I have hired? Is it a yacht or a houseboat?"

He seemed surprised at my question.

He said, "It's a yawl."

"What I mean is," I said, "can it be moved at all, or is it a fixture here? If it is a fixture," I continued, "tell me so frankly; then we will get some ivy in boxes and train it over the portholes, stick some flowers and an awning on deck, and make the thing look pretty. If, on the other hand, it can be moved——"

"Moved!" interrupted Captain Goyles. "You get the right wind behind the Rogue——"

I said, "What is the right wind?"

Captain Goyles looked puzzled.

"In the course of this week," I went on, "we have had wind from the north, from the south, from the east, from the west—with variations. If you can think of any other point of the compass from which it can blow, tell me and I will wait for it. If not, and that anchor has not grown into the bottom of the ocean, we will have it up to-day and see what happens."

He grasped the fact that I was determined.

"Very well, sir," said he; "you're master and I'm man. I've only got one child as is still dependent on me, and no doubt your executors will feel it their duty to do the right thing by the old woman."

His solemnity impressed me.

"Mr. Goyles," I said, "be honest with me. Is there any hope, in any weather, of getting away from this hole?"

Captain Goyles' kindly geniality returned to him.

"You see, sir," he said, "this is a very peculiar coast. We'd be all right if we were once out, but getting away from it in a cockle-shell like that—— Well, sir, it wants doing."

I left Captain Goyles with the assurance that he would watch the weather as a mother would her sleeping babe; it was his own simile, and it struck me as rather touching. I saw him again at twelve o'clock; he was watching it from the window of the Chain and Anchor. At five o'clock that evening a stroke of luck occurred. In the middle of the High Street I met a couple of yachting friends who had had to put in by reason of a strained rudder. I told them my story and they appeared less surprised than amused. Captain Goyles and the two men were still watching the weather. I ran into the King's Head and prepared Ethelbertha. The four of us crept quietly down to the quay, where we found our boat. Only the boy was on board; my two friends took charge of the yacht, and by six o'clock we were scudding merrily up the coast. We put in that night at Aldburgh, and the next day worked up to Yarmouth, where, as my friends had to leave, I decided to abandon the yacht. We sold the stores by auction on Yarmouth-sands early in the morning. I made a loss, but had the satisfaction of "doing" Captain Goyles. I left the Rogue in charge of a local mariner who for a couple of sovereigns undertook to see to its return to Harwich, and we came back to London by train. There may be yachts other than the Rogue, and skippers other than Mr. Goyles, but that experience has prejudiced me against both.

George also thought a yacht would be a good deal of responsibility, so we dismissed the idea.

"What about the river?" suggested Harris. "We have had some pleasant times on that."

George pulled in silence at his cigar and I cracked another nut.

"The river is not what it used to be," I said. "I don't know what, but there's a something—a dampness—about the river air that always starts my lumbago."

"It's the same with me," said George. "I don't know how it is, but I never can sleep now in the neighborhood of the river. I spent a week at Joe's place in the spring, and every night I woke up at seven o'clock and never got a wink afterward."

"I merely suggested it," observed Harris. "Personally, I don't think it good for me either; it touches my gout."

"What suits me best," I said, "is mountain air. What say you to a walking tour in Scotland?"

"It's always wet in Scotland," said George. "I was three weeks in Scotland the year before last, and was never dry once all the time—not in that sense."

"It's fine enough in Switzerland," said Harris.

"They would never stand our going to Switzerland by ourselves," I objected. "You know what happened last time. It must be some place where no delicately nurtured woman or child could possibly live; a country of bad hotels and comfortless traveling; where we shall have to rough it, to work hard, to starve, perhaps——"

"Easy!" interrupted George, "easy, there! Don't forget I'm coming with you."

"I have it!" exclaimed Harris. "We will take a bicycle tour!"

George looked doubtful.

"There's a lot of uphill about a bicycle tour," said he, "and there's always a deal of wind against you."

"So there is downhill and the wind behind you," said Harris.

"I have never noticed it," said George.

"You won't think of anything better than a bicycle tour," persisted Harris.

I was inclined to agree with him.

"And I'll tell you where," continued he; "through the Black Forest."

"Why, that's *all* uphill," said George.

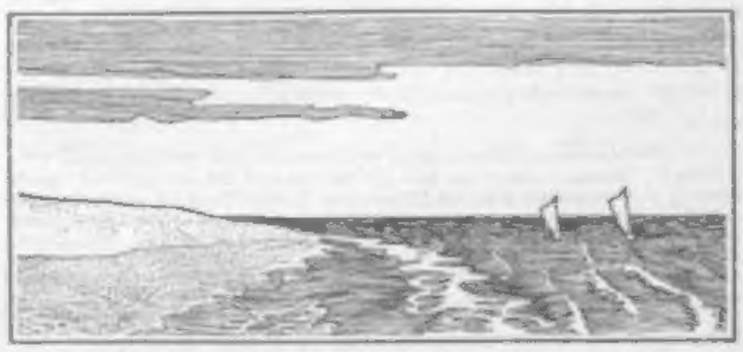
"Not all," retorted Harris; "say two-thirds. And there's one thing you've forgotten."

He looked around cautiously and sunk his voice to a whisper.

"There are little railways going up those hills, little cog-wheel things that——"

The door opened and Mrs. Harris appeared. She said that Ethelbertha was putting on her bonnet, and that Muriel, after waiting, had given the Mad Hatter's Tea-Party without us.

"Club to-morrow at four," whispered Harris to me as he rose, and I passed it on to George as we went upstairs.



The Benefits of Business Combination

By Charles R. Flint

AS AN absolute symbol of economic organization, nothing can be found more comprehensively simple than an ordinary watch. Each part is made separately, but, obeying a single controlling idea, the parts are assembled, fitted, and put into operation. The process of organizing and operating a large industrial corporation is precisely similar to the task of the skillful watchmaker who brings together the several parts of his mechanism, making each cog fit into its complementary cog and all to work in unison to a common end. This is an age of machinery, and the machinery of business is at its highest point of development in the successfully organized and perfectly operated industrial corporation.

In the present period of our country's welfare there is evidenced no financial feature of greater import or deeper interest than the widespread organization of industrial corporations, erroneously called "trusts." Whether one's predilections are for finance, industry, commerce or politics, the subject makes it appeal to us as one of immediate personal importance. Opposition to industrial organization is not a matter for surprise on the part of those who have studied history. The world's record of innovating enterprises from earliest times is replete with exact counterparts of the present opposition to combinations of capital, experience and intelligence, which for lack of some more definitive word are called "trusts." Though instances abound in which great movements in the progress of civilization have been opposed with more vigor than foresight, the day is passed, for well-informed men at least, when specious arguments can be offered against the rightful existence of large aggregations of capital for purposes of industrial development.

Labor has benefited to a greater extent by the introduction of machinery in the realm of needful production than by the acts of reformers and governments, yet in the beginning the class most benefited by machinery made the most strenuous endeavors to prevent its use. When fast coaches were first brought out in England they were opposed to such an extent that petitions were presented to the King and his councilors beseeching them that no general conveyance be permitted to travel faster than thirty miles a day. It was with prophetic wisdom that Macaulay, referring to this historic fact, wrote: "We smile at these things. It is not impossible that our descendants, when they read the opposition offered by cupidity and prejudice to the improvements of the nineteenth century, may smile in their turn."

THE LESSON OF PAST DISASTERS

Every reflective man appreciates the fact that though combinations of wealth, of judgment, of experience and of executive ability are now generally recognized as a natural evolution of industrial development, mistakes have been made in the organization and management of industrial enterprises, just as they have been made in the development of other great institutions, in the State, and even in the Church. At the present moment, therefore, when so many industrial corporations are springing into existence, it is necessary, as well as important, that a comparison of views should be made looking toward the minimizing of such mistakes.

The capitalization of most of the industrial corporations which have been recently formed has been—most fortunately—clearly defined, and has been based for the most part upon the earnings for more than half of a decade in which "America has been wearing her old clothes." We are a very busy race to-day; we will be still busier to-morrow, and our profits are, and will continue to be, large. To this condition of affairs add the advantages which must accrue from the economies and other benefits brought about by consolidation, and statements of profits will be presented which will have a tendency to turn men's heads. When new capitalization is created, based upon the abnormally large earnings of this period of prosperity, and there comes an undue advance in the quotations of existing securities consequent upon unexpectedly favorable statements of profits, the danger point is reached. Recognizing the trend of things, the sagacious manager of a large industrial corporation will charge off substantial amounts for depreciation, and increase the surplus out of the unusual profits resulting from the increased demand and the decreased cost of production.

The best examples of the advantages arising from aggregated wealth and intelligence are found among the successful railroad companies—combinations that have stood the test of time—and they have increased their reserves in times of prosperity so that they might be able to pay dividends in times of financial depression. The closing days of that trying stretch of years between 1873 and 1878 presented the spectacle of conservative investors disposing of their valuable securities, and men less reserved buying up these same securities and making money on them because a period of prosperity set in and continued. Two years after the great depression, and with the opening of the eighties, the feeling that better times had come to stay became permanent; the men who had shaken their heads when the mercury in the financial thermometer was up only one-third of the way abandoned their policy of conservatism when it reached the top, and argued that reactions such as had occurred in the past could not recur; that the political system had been perfected; that the wealth of the country had enormously increased; that the conditions of business activity were firmly established; that continuous economic development was inevitable; and if one stops to recall the names of those who invested at that time in the securities of mushroom companies he will find in the list the most shining examples of conservatism. The result reminded me of Larry Jerome's witty remark to the guide who, pointing out the Coliseum, declared it "the greatest ruin in the world," to which Jerome replied: "You evidently have never heard of Pacific Mail."

THE REAL CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

Just so is there danger of ruin if the organization and management of industrial corporations are given into unskillful and inexperienced hands. One great danger lies in jeopardizing at the outset what is generally the most valuable asset of an industrial consolidation, namely, the good-will of the successful companies which are included in the consolidation. By years of business integrity each company brought into a combination has established relations of confidence with its customers, and the latter are usually very well satisfied with both the company's products and its methods. The danger comes when, upon the completion of the consolidation, some enthusiastic member of the newly formed executive committee, carried away by the theories of centralization and believing himself to be a Napoleon of industry, attempts to centralize the business too rapidly and too dictatorially, sweeping out of existence stable and profitable properties, thereby injuring the general good-will and endangering the whole combination. In cases of this kind, however, the rare common-sense of the clear-headed and practical men who have built up individual industries comes into play and to the rescue. Experience has shown that the greatest care must be exercised in organizing new consolidations to retain the services of such men; they are the real captains of industry. In several industrial consolidations in the organization of which I have been recently associated I have urged at the beginning that the individuality and independence of the successful concerns shall be sustained, and that the standard of all shall be brought up to that of the best, and not to centralize the business in such a way as to destroy the good-will. That way lies discord, and in discord lurks failure.

Long before the capitalization of manufacturing concerns commenced on a large scale in this country England had passed out of her experimental stage in the organization of industrial corporations, and the amount of capitalization of industrials in Great Britain had aggregated two thousand millions of dollars. This capitalization has consisted, in many cases, of formulating private business for purposes of investment, instead of consolidating many companies into one large corporation, as is the custom in the United States. The two thousand millions of English industrial securities have been, as a rule, most satisfactory investments, and have with rare exceptions averaged more profitably than most others. In addition to securing the advantages of putting private business into corporate form, the American system enables us to obtain the benefits of consolidated management and thus secure the advantages of larger aggregations of capital and selected ability.

DO THE TRUSTS BENEFIT THE CONSUMER?

The principal advantages are: raw material purchased in large quantities is secured at a lower price; the specialization of manufacture on a large scale in separate plants permits the fullest utilization of special machinery and processes, thus decreasing cost; the standard of quality is raised and fixed; the number of styles is reduced and the best standards adopted; those plants which are best equipped and most advantageously situated are run continuously and in preference to those less favored; in case of fires the work goes on elsewhere, thus preventing serious loss; there is no multiplication of the means of distribution; a better force of salesmen takes the place of a large number. And the same holds good with the branch stores: terms and conditions of sale become more uniform and credits through comparison are more safely granted; the aggregate of stocks carried is greatly reduced, thus saving interest, insurance, storage and shop wear; greater skill in management accrues to the benefit of the whole instead of a part; and telling advantages are realized from comparative accounting and comparative administration.

Thus in few words are presented some of the advantages of consolidation. The total grand result is a lower market price, which accrues to the benefit of the consumers, both at home and abroad, and brings within reach at the cheaper price classes and qualities of goods which would otherwise be unobtainable by them. This is the great ultimate advantage, and if this were not sooner or later true, if the world at large did not ultimately reap the benefit, the other advantages would be as nothing.

It is a familiar fact that the severest test to which a business system can be subjected is a period of financial depression. Under adverse conditions prevailing before these large aggregations of wealth and intelligence came into existence, individual manufacturers at the first sign of hard times redoubled their efforts to secure a large share of the reduced volume of business, with resulting demoralization.

The industrial combination idea changed such conditions for the benefit of all. Under the new order of things each concern obtains its fair share of the reduced volume of business at fair prices, and the contraction of business is conducted with the orderliness of a retreat of a well-disciplined army. Nothing in the past has more demoralized industries than over-production in times of prosperity and the scramble for a market in times of adversity, resulting in the cutting of prices to such an extent as to necessitate the reduction of wages and the manufacture of inferior (I might say counterfeit) goods. Such competition, instead of being the life of trade, is the death of trade; it forces into failure jobbers, manufacturers, suppliers of raw materials, and even bankers. In the end the consumer cannot but be unfavorably affected. The goods he buys, though apparently cheap, are inferior in quality, and he suffers from the effects of disorganization.

THE WAY TO HOLD THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD

It is the favorite cry of subsidy-seekers that "trade follows the flag," but the experienced merchant knows that trade follows the price and the flag follows the trade. I do not hesitate to affirm that the one and only way in which the United States can extend and hold its position in the world's markets for manufactured goods, while sustaining the present high rates of wages, is by securing the advantages of highly developed special machinery, which is possible only through centralized manufacture and aggregated capital. More than eighty per cent. of our exports of manufactured goods are being produced by such organizations. It is to be taken into account that they are all the while supplying the domestic demand, and to a large extent manufacturing the implements and machinery which have enabled our farmers to take advantage of the markets of the world.

The people at large are receiving immense benefits from the centralization of manufacture. These benefits come not only through lower prices for products, but through the opportunities presented for sound investment in the shares of industrial corporations. It is safe to say that ten years from now will see fifty times as many people interested in manufacturing investments as there were a decade ago.

WHERE THE WORKINGMAN COMES IN

Much has been said and written by thoughtless and ill-informed people about the evil effects of industrial combinations upon the individual wage-earner. In my own experience, covering many years and many departments of manufacture, I have not found that the large industrial consolidations work against the workingman's interests. Indeed, the opposite seems to be the truth, since the men employed by the great centres of capital and production are kept more regularly at work and receive higher wages than is the case with their fellow-laborers under the system of unrestricted competition. The wages of the American workman can be sustained only by our keeping in the lead, as a nation, in the development of labor-saving machinery through centralized manufacture. The American wage-earner must be placed and held in the position of an *overseer* of machines. The productive capacity of the labor-saving implements and machinery of the United States more than equals to-day that of a population of 400,000,000 not using labor-saving devices. American workmen are the most intelligent, and for this reason they are best fitted to direct all labor-saving machinery. It is this condition which justifies the payment of overseer's wages which the American workman is receiving to-day. Instead of being a mere machine himself, the workman behind the mechanism that obeys his thought and touch is becoming more and more a brain-worker, an individual capable of evolving new ideas, a person of larger leisure, larger liberty, and larger enjoyment of life: in short a—man. It is a fact that the large industrial

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Editor's Note—As the largest problem in the politics and economics of the day the trust has its critics and its defenders. Both sides of the question will be presented in the Post by writers best qualified for the work, and in order that there may be the widest possible discussion we invite letters from our readers. Mr. Flint, who presents The Benefits of Business Combination, is a man who has risen from a clerkship to the head of one of the greatest corporations in the world, and to active connection with many of the largest business enterprises of this country. The other side of this vital issue will be presented in an early number of the Post.

corporations require the best workmen and are to-day distributing in wages the largest sum of money so paid anywhere in the world, and at higher rates

TRADE AND THE DESTINY OF NATIONS

Modern warfare is in the main the warfare of industry; wealth is no longer secured by plunder, but by production; diplomats spend their time in studying the conditions of trade for the benefit of home industries, and the most favored treaties are those of reciprocity and commerce. We cannot hope to win the industrial battles of to-day by obsolete methods. The old-time war-vessels have little in common with our modern monsters of steel and iron. The conditions in the industrial world are not to-day what they were a dozen years ago, and the changes that have taken place are for the betterment of the individual and the nation. One of our familiar political leaders, and a man of national importance, is reported to have said recently that organizing great industrial corporations was "good business, but bad politics." He was compelled to recognize that the objects of his criticism were distinctly within the lines of economic progress and of benefit to the community. By "bad politics" he meant that the so-called "trust" issue, though in reality a false issue, could nevertheless be raised to create discontent in certain quarters.

In response to this it may be said that such organizations—the basis of our increasing national prosperity—stand not only for good business, but good politics as well, and as long as they are well and successfully developed on conservative lines, giving constant employment to the entire community, at advanced rates of wages, and lower prices for all articles consumed, and affording opportunities for increasing profits to investors, it will be impossible for the most vehement objector to prove that "good business" is "bad politics."

The real questions of the day and hour are economic ones. The up-to-date politician must take a course in arithmetic.

Compare the condition of our people with that which prevailed before the development of industries, when wealth was obtained by conquest. How do we stand to-day in the matter of national prosperity and the outlook for future development as a race?

Place in comparison with present-day conditions the time when the people had meat but once a week; when their houses were without chimneys and without windows; when their clothing and surroundings were filthy; when the death-rate was double what it is to-day—and you go back to a time when the nobility knew less of the world than the laboring man of to-day; when the present necessities of the common people were luxuries only for the rich; and you realize that the emancipation proclamations were written by Watt and Arkwright, Stephenson and Fulton, Franklin and Morse, Bessemer and the great organizers who have applied their discoveries and distributed the benefits of their inventions to the whole world.

SUMMING UP THE WHOLE MATTER

To detail the benefits of organization is to measure its ultimate value to the world and define its present ends, and these are obvious enough to those whose understanding of brains and money in corporate assemblage is clear and unbiased. One does not have to advance an argument in favor of good health, nor is it necessary to further expatiate on the universal good accruing from industrial combinations.

In a nutshell, then, organization and disorganization are only the common terms for evolution and dissolution—the one an upbuilding, natural and normal condition; the other chaos, retrogression and ruin. Cohesion, consolidation, organization is the order of the universe, and what is true of the natural world is doubly true of the world of industry, where the greater includes the lesser factors, where wealth and intelligence combine in a common effort to forward human happiness, and the wage-worker may look forward to a future affording something better than a mere animal existence.

Mr. Haggard and the Charity Board

RIDER HAGGARD, who in private life is Henry Rider Haggard, J. P., is a prominent member of the Authors' Club, in London. Here, one evening, the conversation happening upon odd experiences, the famous novelist told the following anecdote:

"When I was elected guardian of the Heckingham Workhouse not long ago, I soon noticed that there was an alarming sickness among the little children. Upon inquiry I learned that they were being fed upon watered skim milk. I was very indignant, but the person in charge said he had followed the orders of the Board. At the next meeting I brought the matter up, poured the vials of my wrath upon the practice, and moved that thenceforth the little children should have fresh milk until they were nine years of age. To my surprise I was fiercely opposed. The opposition was led by an ancient worthy who said: 'Do you know, sir, that fresh milk is too rich for them? It will spoil their stomachs. It will turn their heads. It will break up the institution. Why, just think of it, sir; in their own houses they are starved, and the watered milk is like Heaven to them.'

"I was so astounded that all I could say was that while they might have been starved in their own homes, that was no reason why we should half starve them. My motion was carried, but they cut the age down from nine to five years."

The End of a Story

By Ellen MacKubin

LILIAN BLYTHE'S fresh tints and trim outlines were displayed to best advantage by yatching dress, and she, who rated herself justly, was aware of it. Therefore, on a certain July morning when the sky and the ocean rivaled each other in fleckless blue and the steamer was making a record-breaking run for the first day from Queenstown, she leaned against the taffrail and faced her fellow-passengers "confident of her charm." The fact that Dugald Neil had smoked his after-breakfast cigar beside her, and that he seemed in no haste to resume the walk her appearance on deck had interrupted, added to her self-satisfaction.

Consequently, when Muriel Denison passed, staggering under an armful of rugs, she felt sufficiently amiable to exclaim:

"Do help Miss Denison! You don't know her? Come along and I will present you. It will be nice for you to begin the day with a kindness—especially as Muriel is not used to much of that Christian quality, poor dear!"

She sprang forward the more alertly because of Neil's obvious reluctance to obey her commands.

"Muriel! Let this big, idle man carry part of your burthen," she cried. "Mr. Neil—Miss Denison. I should not have dared an introduction yesterday without formal British preliminaries, but to-day, with England far behind us, I feel a free American again, and consider my friends good enough to know each other as they know me."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Neil; here is the deck-steward, so I need not trouble you"

"Legally we are in England while we remain under the English flag," Miss Denison answered unsmilingly. "Socially, also. Thank you very much, Mr. Neil; here is the deck-steward, so I need not trouble you."

With this she turned her graceful shoulders upon Neil, and, bestowing a little nod on Lilian, followed the steward into the companionway.

"We have been snubbed!" Lilian laughed. "Don't look vexed. If Muriel is disagreeable occasionally the infection of her disagreeable circumstances surely provides her excuse."

"How should I be aware of either circumstances or excuse?" Neil asked sharply. He had flushed as he stood holding his cap while his frowning glance pursued Miss Denison's retreating figure.

"You shall be aware at once, if you will stay here in the sunshine and recover your good humor. No, I do not want a chair," Lilian added, reflecting that a man may escape speedily from a fair companion who is seated, but that he must not desert while she is on her feet. "Muriel has a story," she continued, leaning comfortably against the deck-house. "Nothing to her discredit, of course, or I should not tell it to you. Just a bit of schoolgirl folly—a runaway marriage which her father broke off at the church door. But it was the church door after the ceremony, and there was nearly as much bother in getting a divorce as though they had been married a year instead of ten minutes! So that Muriel is known everywhere as a *divorcée* who has resumed her maiden name, and the innocent details are rarely stated as clearly as I have stated them."

"Hitherto it has not seemed to me that a *divorcée* is apt to be unhappy or unpopular," Neil remarked between puffs at a cigar he was lighting. "Even in Montana, where I have spent the eight years since Miss Denison's divorce——"

"How have you heard the number of years when you never heard the story?"

"A dim remembrance returns to me," Neil answered, smiling. "Who was the man?"

"I have forgotten—a mere nobody to whom the Denisons objected because they were ambitious for Muriel, who was pretty, I am told, before her troubles made a quick end of her prettiness."

"Surely a divorce which she sought could not deeply afflict her?"

"I don't suppose she regretted that any longer than all of us regret a first love—which is only until we have another!" Lilian's dark lashes flashed a charming glance which Neil's sombre gaze at the horizon missed utterly. "Muriel, however, has never found that consolation. When she came out the winter after her divorce the story haunted her, and men seemed afraid of the ghost. She lacked partners at the cotillons, and, being a proud girl, she presently stopped going to them. Then her stepmother, who had expected that a profile such as Muriel's would be a success, took it *en grippe* that she proved a failure. They went to Europe for the education of the younger sisters, and as Mr. Denison had lost money and Mrs. Denison is indolent, I fancy Muriel was an economical kind of courier-maid until they came home again, when Constance left school. Constance has turned out the beauty Mrs. Denison intended Muriel to be. They brought her over to London this spring to be presented just for the *chic* of the thing—and I am told that Lord Beaufort is to follow them to Newport, though Constance, of course, is as penniless as Muriel."

"Miss Denison was not included in their London gayeties?"

"Oh, no! They could not afford court dresses for two daughters," Lilian declared with a display of dimples. "Muriel has adopted another rôle. She goes slumming seriously, not fashionably, and is more popular in East Side tenements, I believe, than among her own class. But it isn't a cheerful destiny to overtake a woman of six and twenty."

"That depends, probably, upon whether she is merely a disappointed woman or the stuff of which saints are made."

"Look into Muriel's eyes and you will read which of the two she is."

"She seemed scarcely likely, just now, to give me an opportunity for such reading."

Lilian clapped her hands—her hands were pretty.

"I will give you the opportunity, and she shall have a chance of amusement while Mrs. Denison and Constance are safe in their berths!" she exclaimed. "I will have a series of afternoon teas on deck and of card parties after dinner in

the saloon, with Muriel and Jim Van Bleeker to make up our company."

"Very amiable of you."

"I am always amiable! Here comes Jim as proof thereof, for I have allowed him to extort the promise of a walk, which is the thing I most detest at sea."

Thus deserted, Neil turned to go below. In the doorway of the ladies' deck-cabin Muriel Denison confronted him, and in her eyes was neither worldly disappointment nor saintly serenity, but a blaze of resentment.

"The porthole was open beside which you stood. I heard Lilian's account of me and your acquiescence in her proposed display of me for your judgment," she said in a voice none the less bitter because it was very low.

"Do you wish me to avoid you?" he asked, and his steady glance sent a swift color across her pallor.

"It is eight years since I have wished anything concerning you," she answered coldly. "Good breeding might, however, indicate that you should merely meet me, when necessary, with such civility as you would show to a recently presented acquaintance."

"Such civility as you showed me? Or as nearly like as my creed of manners permits?"

"Was I rude? You must pardon me, but one is impulsively sincere when surprised."

She made a step or two away and paused.

Straight and slight in her long traveling-cloak, her eyes and lips eloquent of pride and pain, Neil thought how blind were they who said that Muriel Denison had not fulfilled the prophecy of her beautiful girlhood.

"I wish to assure you that Miss Blythe has deepened the shadows of my life and left out its sunshine," she said with effort. "To be a professional beauty was never my ideal, and though I am yet far from the desire of my heart my path toward it is most happy."

She swept to the companionway and vanished in the depths below.

As for Neil, he returned to the deck and passed unseeing many a "beck and nod and wreathed smile" from occupants of the line of chairs. Forward he walked to the farthest limit of that long bow, and, leaning on the rail, gazed ahead as if he would fain go farther.

Yet it was with the past, not the future, that his thoughts were so busy that he did not see the blue ocean foam broken by the steamer's hurrying stride. He saw instead a pine forest in far-off Maine, and two young figures close together whose happy eyes and trembling lips promised each other that neither governess nor father on her side nor lack of fortune on his side should ever divide them.

Lilian Blythe won her way with the tea parties and the card parties—a result which she was wont to declare that she always achieved; being of those, wise in this world's wisdom, who blazon their triumphs and are dumb as to their defeats.

"Dugald Neil is all right," she replied easily to an inquiry from Miss Denison concerning that gentleman's antecedents. "Financially all right, because he has made a pot of money out in Montana, mining or ranching; socially all right, because last year he did a good turn somewhere among those Western wilds to Lord Arthur Saville, and Lord Arthur has made a hero of him among the smart set in London this summer."

If these glittering generalities impressed Muriel there was no sign on her fair, impassive countenance, but she consented to keep Lilian company during the entertainments planned for the remainder of the voyage, and though she proved more ornamental than amusing as one of their *partie carrée*, Lilian did not object. To be amusing was her own special vocation, which she fulfilled to Jim Van Bleeker's entire satisfaction and, apparently, to the serene content of Dugald Neil.

The winds and the waves, however, even in the most prosperously begun of Atlantic crossings, are influences as uncertain as preponderating. The first three days having been delightful, the fourth showed a sullen determination to be disagreeable, which increased as night came.

"Suppose we go on deck for a 'look aloft,' as the dear Jackies say," Lilian exclaimed that evening after whist had become tiresome and the anchovy toast had been consumed. "I foretell that we shall be prisoners below to-morrow."

They went upstairs all together. But outside the deck-house Lilian and Van Bleeker were missing, and Muriel stumbled silently along the heaving deck beside Neil for a few yards.

"Do you prefer a fall to my assistance?" he asked abruptly.

"I prefer returning below to either," she answered.

"Muriel!"

"My name is Denison."

"Your name for a time was mine. How brief a time to have cost so endlessly!"

"What has it cost you?" she began vehemently, and broke off with an unsteady laugh. "We are absurd to count costs of a folly which was paid long ago."

"Is it paid? Does it not reckon with us yet?"

He caught her hand, but she withdrew from his touch.

"We agreed the other day that, since chance has thrown us together——"

"Blessed chance it may be if you will—as you used——"

"I?" she interrupted.

They had halted by a door of the deck-house, and the electric lights shone full on the defiance of her eyes, the appeal of his.

"This is nonsense!" she exclaimed sharply. "If you remember anything of the girl you used to know, believe me you remember a girl who ceased to exist eight years ago."

"Why did she cease to exist?"

"I should have said more truly that she never existed. She was as entirely a phantasm of youthful fancy as—as the boy who—who played out the foolish fable."

"Muriel!"

She stepped across the raised threshold of the hallway.

"Good-night, Mr. Neil," she said carelessly. "Steward, is it going to be rough?"

Notwithstanding the professional cheeriness of the steward's assurance to the contrary, the weather continued to roughen, and the morrow dawned with a heavy sea and a wind whose fierce squalls were ominous of more enduring violence. Lilian Blythe did not make a public appearance until after luncheon, when indeed the public of ship's society had shrunk exceedingly. She was, however, a mariner whose courage and whose digestion rarely failed, and she settled into a cozy corner of the saloon with a chess-board into which the pieces screwed, and which thus defied the malice of the ocean as successfully as herself or Van Bleeker, who was her antagonist in the game.

To these two came, late in the afternoon, Dugald Neil with a mien as gloomy as the day.

"If your countenance speaks truth, the smoking-room has not proved the paradise it is depicted to us proscribed feminines," Lilian said.

She was tired of Van Bleeker, whose personal subjugation was ancient history, and who had allowed her to checkmate him too easily.

"I have suffered from more bad tobacco and dull stories than in any previous experience among seafaring men," Neil said restlessly. "I hoped this was tea-time."

"It shall be when I have ordered the steward to serve it in the deck-cabin," Lilian answered briskly. "That is, it will be tea-time for you and me and Jim, but I have not seen Muriel since last night."

"She was disputing with a steward as to the wisdom of going on deck an hour ago," Van Bleeker interposed. "And as I saw the shine of silver pass between them I fancy he took her upstairs in spite of his reluctance."

"What madness! The seas sweep the ship from end to end!" Neil exclaimed.

"Not on the lee side—— He is gone!"

He was gone. Up the companionway three steps at a stride, with a recklessness of the possibility of broken limbs really reprehensible, as Lilian remarked tartly.

The hatches were closed along the weather side. But across the hallway a half-door had been fastened open, and Neil sprang out upon the sloping, sloppy deck.

There was Muriel, her chair lashed in an angle of the deck-house, and herself covered to the chin with tarpaulins.

"That confounded idiot has forgotten her," Neil muttered, and, holding by the handrail along the cabin, he reached her chair with creditable alertness.

"You are not safe here," he declared, without formality of greeting. "Each sea that sweeps the weather side sends more water over these buildings, and presently a whole wave will follow."

"The steward is taking care of me," she replied with all the dignity attainable in her prostrate position.

"The steward is not here and I am," Neil said doggedly. "It would be my responsibility if I left you here alone, and I will not risk it."

"I am used to being left alone—and I prefer it."

Something that burned in her eyes filled the break in her sentence.

Neil came closer to her.

"You cannot look at me and repeat that I ever left you!" he cried.

"I did not accuse you."

"Your eyes accused me—falsely! You left me at the church door because your father bade you. You left me again when you signed the petition for a divorce because——"

"Because I had waited long for you to make some claim upon me, and you had made none!"

"Was that why you signed?"

He was clinging to her chair. He was bending over her. But she shrank from him.

"Stand back!" she exclaimed. "Some whim of a tedious voyage makes you ask questions which were answered years since—I will not answer again."

"Listen, Muriel! This voyage together did not happen by chance. I booked my name when I saw yours on the list. I meant to see you alone—not as Miss Blythe forced us together——"

"You dared think that I——?"

"No woman's face has ever come between us, though I have tried to put others there. Why should not I dare hope that you, too, sometimes regretted, though you had desired to be rid of me——"

"Am I to believe that after eight years—when any day you could have sought me——?"

"Was I, penniless, to seek your wealthy father's daughter after her petition for the divorce had echoed his taunting repudiation of me?"

"Could you conceive that I, who was told daily that I had forced myself upon you during those happy weeks, when you and I——"

"They were happy weeks? My love—my one love——"

But she had struggled with ropes and wraps, and escaped from him, somehow, to her feet.

"We are both of us mad. It is the storm!" she gasped.

"Muriel, my wife! Listen to me!"

"I will not. Our lives parted years ago. Nothing can bring us together——"

Her voice panted into a cry.

A power mightier than her pride swept down upon them in a mass of icy water. Swept them into a desperate embrace. Swept them across the deck, which was steep and slippery as a glacier.

A crash roared behind them, hurling fragments of brass and wood from the roof of the deck-house against the taffrail. Another crash—a shriek from those beholders whom the shock of wreckage had assembled in the doorways—and Muriel's chair, to which some of her wraps were yet bound, rushed through a gap of broken rails into the seething chaos beyond.

"She is lost!" Lilian cried, hiding her eyes as she crouched beside a porthole in the deck-cabin.

"No, thank God!" Van Bleeker shouted. "Neil has caught at the davits of that boat. He holds her safe."

Safe, indeed! Drenched, breathless, Neil clasped her close with one arm, while the other clasped the rail which had resisted the impact of water.

The ebb of the great wave raced by them harmlessly. Two or three sailors cheered lustily. But Neil heard nothing, and saw only her white, radiant face as she clung to him.

"Whom God hath joined together," he muttered. "Neither life nor death shall part us!"

And he kissed her undenied.

THE EBB OF THE GREAT WAVE RACED BY THEM HARMLESSLY

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

LEE HALL, Fighting-man

By N. A. Jennings

Author of A Texas Ranger

THERE is one fighting-man who has gone with Uncle Sam's Army to the Philippines of whom the great American public knows little or nothing, but whose name throughout the State of Texas stands as a synonym for desperate courage and fighting qualities of the highest order. He is Jesse Lee Hall, now a Lieutenant in the Thirty-third United States Infantry, but he earned the rank of Captain in the Texas Rangers by years of the hardest kind of service on the border.

Lee Hall succeeded Captain L. H. McNelly, in 1878, to the command of the Texas Ranger company that had more to do with ridding Texas of her notorious "bad men," and with putting a stop to the wholesale cattle-raiding on the lower Rio Grande frontier, than any other agency. With these Rangers Hall did some magnificent work and became renowned for his fearlessness in a country where brave men are the rule. With but seventeen of his men, one stormy night in December, 1876, he arrested over seventy armed desperadoes in DeWitt County, Texas, members of the Sutton faction in the Taylor-Sutton feud which had raged in that county for nearly twenty years and had caused the killing of hundreds of men on both sides. On the night in question all the Sutton following had gathered at the wedding of one of their number, a man who with six others had been indicted for a cold-blooded murder. Hall took his men to the place, surrounded the house, and then boldly entered and stated he had come to arrest the murderers. The desperadoes drew their six-shooters and said they would die before giving up.

"Very well," answered Hall. "Move out your women and children and we'll give you all the fight you want. My men expected a fight when they came here and I don't want to disappoint them. I'll give you five minutes to get the women and children out—then we'll turn loose."

The outlaws knew their man and that he meant every word he said, and they began to parley. Hall saw his opportunity and called two of the Rangers to his side. Then he told the Suttonites to give up their arms quickly if they would avoid being killed. In a few minutes the desperadoes were disarmed, and the next morning the accused murderers were landed safely in jail. Nothing but supreme courage and coolness could have accomplished such a remarkable feat, but that is just what Lee Hall had.

Hall personally arrested Ham White, the most dreaded and successful "road agent" Texas ever knew, a man who invariably "worked alone," and who, single-handed, robbed many a stage coach. Hall trailed White from the scene of one of his exploits, caught him in a livery stable in a town fifty miles away, and arrested him. White was armed with two six-shooters and showed fight, but Hall sprang at him, knocked him down, and overpowered him after a desperate struggle.

Hall was in at the killing of the notorious Sam Bass and his gang of bank robbers and cutthroats, and in dozens of other noted encounters with the outlaws who gave to Texas such a terrible reputation in the years gone by.

But it was before he became a Ranger that Hall won his spurs as a fighting-man in Texas. He was born in Lexington, North Carolina, in October, 1849, and came of old Revolutionary stock by both his parents. Among his ancestors were the famous General Giles Melane and Governor Stanford, of North Carolina. Lee went to Texas in search of adventure when he was twenty years old, and found it when he became a Deputy Sheriff in Grayson County, just south of the line of the Indian Territory.

In a little less than two years the young Deputy Sheriff made one thousand and sixty arrests, killed seven men, and was wounded five times. His fame as an officer of the law spread far and wide; it was a foregone conclusion that any man Hall undertook to arrest would be made a prisoner or would be a subject for the coroner.

There was one desperado, however, a man named Wilkinson, who had managed to elude Hall for months and who had sworn he would never be taken alive. He was wanted for cattle-stealing and murder. Many a long, weary day and night had the young Deputy Sheriff hunted for this man, and Wilkinson at last grew tired of being sought so persistently. He sent a message to Hall, who was in Dennison, in which he said that if the Deputy Sheriff wanted him so badly he could come and get him on a certain day. Wilkinson said that he would be on a little prairie about eighteen miles from Dennison at four o'clock on the afternoon of that day, and would meet Hall there, provided the latter came after him alone. The outlaw pledged his word that he, also, would be alone. If Hall could arrest him under those circumstances, he said, he was welcome to do it.

And Lee Hall accepted the invitation and the terms.

Early on the morning of the appointed day he mounted his horse, and with a breech-loading shot-gun and a six-shooter for arms rode out from Dennison to keep the appointment. The Sheriff tried in vain to dissuade his deputy from the undertaking, and begged him at least to take a posse with him to surround Wilkinson and surprise him into giving up, but Hall would not listen to him.

"No," he said; "Wilkinson has made a fair, square offer, and I believe he'll keep his word and be there alone. If a desperado can keep a promise, I think I ought to be man enough to do the same, and I'll meet him on his own terms. And," he added, "if I come back he'll be with me."

EARLY ON THE MORNING OF THE APPOINTED DAY HE MOUNTED HIS HORSE, AND WITH A BREECH-LOADING SHOT-GUN AND A SIX-SHOOTER FOR ARMS RODE OUT FROM DENNISON TO KEEP THE APPOINTMENT

The place of meeting was a clear space about half a mile square, surrounded on all sides by mesquit, chaparral, and live-oak woods. At precisely four o'clock Hall rode out from the southern edge of the chaparral on to the prairie, and a minute later Wilkinson rode into view from the north end. He, too, was armed with shot-gun and revolver. The men were within plain sight of each other, but too far away to exchange shots. At the same instant they urged their ponies into a gallop and made straight for each other, both holding their shot-guns ready for action.

No more evenly matched men, perhaps, had ever met in a duel to the death, for such they knew their meeting must be. Each was a perfect horseman and a fine marksman. Neither knew the meaning of fear.

They approached each other rapidly and were soon within hailing distance, but not a sound escaped their lips; they were there for action, not words. Just before they got close enough to each other to use their shot-guns effectively both men dropped their bodies Indian fashion to the sides of their horses, so as to present as small a target as possible, their guns being pointed over their horses' necks.

They fired at the same instant. Hall wore an overcoat with a cape attached to it, and the buckshot from the single discharge of Wilkinson's gun almost cut this cape from its fastenings, but not a shot hit the deputy. Hall also fired one barrel of his shot-gun, and the charge entered the neck of Wilkinson's horse, knocking him down. Wilkinson sprang off and landed on his knees as his horse went crashing to the ground. His shot-gun fell from his hands and the horse fell on the weapon.

"I've got you!" yelled Hall, wheeling his horse about, straightening up in the saddle and pointing his gun straight at the outlaw's head. "Give up now or I'll kill you!"

"You've got the drop on me, all right," answered Wilkinson as he looked coolly into the muzzle of the shot-gun, "but if you're such a brave man as you'd have folks think you are, get down off your horse and fight it out with me with six-shooters."

No sane man would have accepted such an absurd proposition, but Lee Hall was not sane at that moment. He was fighting a duel, and his sense of fair play was uppermost in his mind. His adversary was a brave man and he should have a show for his life.

"All right," said Hall, "I'll do that, but you must promise not to pull your six-shooter until I'm down."

"That's fair," said Wilkinson; "I'll wait till you're ready."

Hall deliberately shoved his shot-gun back into its scabbard under his right-hand stirrup leather. Then he sprang from his horse, jerking his six-shooter from its holster at his belt.

The revolvers cracked with one report, and a bullet went through Hall's left shoulder, while another bored a hole through Wilkinson's breast. Neither man fell, and again the revolvers cracked. This time Hall was wounded in the left side and Wilkinson was shot through the heart. The desperado pitched forward and fell on his face and Hall sank to the ground.

A few minutes later two cowboys, who had been attracted by the shooting, rode on to the scene. They found Hall unconscious and his horse standing with drooping head over him. The cowboys managed to get the officer to a ranch not far distant, where his wounds received attention. In a month he was on duty again and arresting men as vigorously as before.

The only time Lee Hall ever ran from a man was when he went after John Wesley Hardin, the most noted "man-killer" ever known in Texas. Hardin had murdered over a score of men, and there was a reward on his head of four thousand dollars. Hall wanted the reward and determined to get it. He learned of Hardin's whereabouts and started for the place. Before arriving there he was told that Hardin had five or six men with him and that they were all encamped at the edge of a lake. Their camp could be approached from only one direction, and that was over an open space several hundred feet wide.

Hall summoned a posse of six men and started for the camp. When he arrived at the edge of the open space he and his men dismounted and tied their horses in the brush.

"Now," said Hall, "we'll run right in on them. We don't want any long-distance shooting. The only way to get those men is to rush them. Follow right after me and we'll have them before they know it."

The posse agreed to this, and Hall started on a run across the open space straight for the desperadoes' camp, carbine in hand. Suddenly the desperadoes opened fire on his advancing figure. Hall stopped and blazed away with his carbine. Then he glanced behind him and discovered to his consternation that he was alone. The firing in front grew hotter, and he turned and ran for his life. The desperadoes yelled and laughed and shot at him. They cried to him to come back, and called him a coward and many other unpleasant things, but he was too wise to attempt to fight half a dozen of the worst men in Texas single-handed, and he made straight for his horse. It was where he had tied it, but the other horses were gone. He had a bullet-hole in his hat and three through his clothing. Hall spent the rest of that day hunting down his posse and "cursing them out," a process they submitted to with becoming meekness, for the Deputy Sheriff was in a dangerous mood.

Long afterward John B. Armstrong, at that time second in command of Lee Hall's company of Rangers, captured John Wesley Hardin in Florida and brought him to Texas, where he served a long term in jail. Hall visited Hardin in the prison and congratulated him upon being the only man who had ever made him run. Hardin was killed a few months after he was pardoned out of jail. He was shot in a barroom in El Paso by a man whom he had sworn to kill on sight.

It was my privilege to serve in the Texas Rangers under Hall in the late seventies, and I know he can win the love and admiration of those under him as well as he can fight. If he has the luck to get on the firing-line in the Philippines, Jesse Lee Hall will make another Funston record, or all Texas will be mightily surprised.

Misguided Fidelity

FROM the Tien-Tsin Club, in the city of Heaven's Gate, in far off China, comes a pleasant anecdote of Colonel Bowman, of Kentucky, who was formerly Consul at that post. He was very domestic, and in the evenings entertained his many friends with quiet whist parties, the prizes in which, according to English custom, are devoted to charity. The Colonel had a model Chinese servant who had been charmed by his urbanity, and had come to regard his master as a superior being. One afternoon the Chinese boy seemed anxious and nervous.

"What's the matter, John?" asked the Consul with real curiosity.

"Your Excellency," he replied, "may I talk with you and say to you some things?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Your Excellency, you play those cards too muchee bad. You let me I teachee you how to play too muchee good, and in five months you win all of the money of all the foreign devils in Tien-Tsin."

It is needless to say that John's offer was declined.

How WE make Presidents

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

THE people of the country have become so entirely accustomed to national conventions making our Presidents that it will doubtless surprise many of them to learn that the Republic had reached nearly half a century in its growth before a political national convention was held by any party. It required no convention to name George Washington as a candidate for President when the Government was organized, or to present him as a candidate for reëlection. He was next to the unanimous choice of the people, and was the unanimous choice of the electoral college, and as John Adams was more heartily in sympathy with the political views of Washington than any other of the Fathers of the Republic, excepting Hamilton, he was made the candidate for Vice-President by general acceptance. When Washington retired, Adams was his logical successor, and Jefferson was the logical candidate of the Democratic views of that time which were crystallized under the title of Republicanism.

It is alleged that the first Congressional caucus to nominate national candidates was held in Philadelphia in 1800, and nominated Jefferson and Burr, but it depends wholly upon tradition, as there is no record of it. The electors did not then vote for Vice-President, but voted for two candidates for President, and the highest vote chose the President and the next highest the Vice-President. Party lines were very distinctly drawn between the Federalists and the Republicans under Adams in 1796 and 1800. Adams had barely won his election over Jefferson in 1796 which made Jefferson Vice-President, and we have had no more embittered and defamatory political contest in the entire history of the Republic than was that of 1800 when Jefferson defeated Adams.

AN EARLY ATTEMPT AT ELECTIONEERING

The first attempt at trickery in the choice of a President was made by Burr after the election of 1800, when he and Jefferson had an equal electoral vote by which he claimed that he was equally entitled to the Presidency. The election went to the House, where Jefferson was finally chosen and Burr stamped with dishonor. From 1800 until 1824 the Congressional caucus controlled the choice of our Presidents, as Congress was strongly Republican during that entire period. When Jefferson retired, the Congressional caucus was called upon to decide between Madison and Monroe, as the Virginia Legislature was unwilling to express a preference between them, but Madison was chosen by a large majority on the first ballot. After his service of two terms, Monroe was nominated in like manner, and elected by a large majority; in 1820 he received the unanimous vote of the electoral college with a single exception, one vote being cast for John Quincy Adams.

After the Virginia line of Presidents was exhausted the Republican caucus was powerless to concentrate the party. A minority of the Republicans in the House nominated Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, but only 66 of the 216 Republicans responded to the roll-call. The nomination was largely repudiated. Jackson, Clay and Adams were presented by their respective States, through Legislative or convention expressions, resulting in a scrub race in which Jackson received 99 electoral votes, Adams 84, Crawford 41, and Clay 37. The three highest candidates were returned to the House, as none had a majority, where Adams was chosen over Jackson by the support of Clay. Jackson had a large popular plurality as well as a plurality of the electoral college. Immediately after his defeat in the House he was nominated for 1828 by the Legislature of Tennessee and the next battle began. At that time Crawford, Jackson, Clay and Adams were all classed as Republicans, but the remnants of the old Federal party with various phases of Republican opposition gravitated to Adams, and Jackson was successful by a large majority, receiving 178 electoral votes to 83 for Adams. Adams and Jefferson were promoted from the Vice-Presidency to the Presidency, but since then no Vice-President, with the exception of Van Buren, has ever been elected President.

Jackson became President solely because we had no steamships, telegraphs or cables during our second war with England. The treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent on December 25, 1814, but it required nearly a month for the Government to receive information that the treaty had been signed and that the war was ended. On January 8, 1815, more than a fortnight after England and the United States were actually at peace by their own treaty, the Battle of New Orleans was fought between Jackson and Packenham, and a victory achieved over the English that then electrified the country almost as thoroughly as did Dewey's victory at Manila. That victory, and that victory alone, made Jackson President, and with his rugged and indomitable will, for nearly a generation, he stamped his impress upon the policy of the Government with greater emphasis than any other living man since Washington.

As Jackson was a Democrat rather than a Republican according to the party divisions at that time, the Democracy was thoroughly crystallized as followers of Jackson, while the opposition consisted of National Republicans, Anti-Masons, Whigs, and scattering Anti-Jackson Democrats. The Democrats held their convention in Baltimore in May, 1835, a year and a half before the Presidential election, and nominated Van Buren for President and Richard M. Johnson for Vice-President. The opposition was not concentrated on any one candidate. General Harrison, grandfather of the present ex-President, was nominated by a Whig State convention at Harrisburg, and State conventions and State Legislatures scattered their forces between Harrison, Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, and Webster, of Massachusetts, resulting in another scrub race, in which Van Buren won out with ease, receiving 170 electoral votes to 73 for Harrison, 26 for White, and 14 for Webster.

HENRY CLAY'S DEFEAT IN 1839

The business of the country suffered general convulsion in 1837–8–9, and it became evident to political leaders that with the opposition to Van Buren united he could be defeated; so the various shades of opposition to Van Buren were called to meet at Harrisburg on December 4, 1839, being nearly a year before the election. It was a very able body, and devoted several days to dispassionate conference and deliberation before a ballot was reached. It was in this convention that accident first came into play to make a President. The prominent candidates were Henry Clay, General Harrison and General Winfield Scott. Clay had many warm friends, but he was unavailable because the Anti-Masons made up a very large portion of the opposition, and Clay was a Royal Arch Mason. The choice was thus narrowed down to Harrison and Scott, and the Virginia delegation was in a position to decide between them. As both were sons of Virginia, the pride of the Old Dominion could be gratified with either.

DRAWN BY GEORGE GREEN

—WE HAVE HAD NO MORE EMBITTERED POLITICAL CONTEST

THE EFFECTIVE TRICK OF THADDEUS STEVENS

On this point, Thaddeus Stevens, who was the leading delegate from Pennsylvania, controlled the action of the Virginia delegation by a scheme that was more effective than creditable. Scott, who was quite too fond of writing letters, had written a letter to Francis Granger, of New York, in which he evidently sought to conciliate the anti-slavery sentiment of that State. It was a private letter, but Granger exhibited it to Stevens and permitted Stevens to use it in his own way. As the headquarters of the Virginia delegation were the centre of attraction, they were always crowded, and Stevens called there along with many others. Before leaving he dropped the Scott letter on the floor, and it was soon discovered and its contents made known to the Virginians. That letter decided the Virginians to support Harrison and to reject Scott. Either could have been elected if nominated, as the Van Buren defeat of 1840 was one of the most sweeping political hurricanes in the history of the country.

My authority for this is Mr. Stevens himself. He disliked Scott on general principles through his great aversion to all men whose vanity was conspicuous, but he had a much stronger reason for nominating Harrison in his possession of an autograph letter from General Harrison assuring Stevens that if he, Harrison, was elected President, Stevens would be a member of his Cabinet. After the election, Stevens said nothing and made no movement to make himself prominent as a candidate for the Cabinet, as he felt entirely secure, while Josiah Randall, father of the late Samuel J. Randall, and then a prominent Whig, and Charles B. Penrose, grandfather of the present United States Senator Penrose, entered the field aggressively as candidates for a Cabinet portfolio. When the Cabinet was announced, Stevens was dumfounded to find his name omitted. He never forgave Webster, who was made the head of the Cabinet, for the failure, and he believed until the day of his death that Webster had prevented his appointment.

THE FIRST BREAK IN THE PRESIDENCY

Harrison was in feeble health when he was called from the clerkship of the Cincinnati courts that he had held for many years to the highest civil trust of the world, and the intense pressure upon him after his election so impaired his vitality that he died a little more than a month after his inauguration. Harrison's death was the first break in the Presidency since the organization of the Government. John Tyler was Vice-President, and was living quietly on his farm on the Virginia Peninsula. He could not be reached by railways, and telegraphs were unknown. He had no knowledge that he had become President through the death of Harrison until late the next day, when Webster and another member of the Cabinet finally found their way to his home, partly by water and partly overland, and formally announced to him the death of the President and the new duties which devolved upon him. He hastened to Washington to find a very grave dispute among the leading statesmen of both parties as to whether he became President or simply Acting President. It was important to determine whether he was President with the full title. The question was brought up in Congress, and in the midst of a discussion on the subject a message was received from the Executive Mansion signed "John Tyler, President." The dispute was at once ended and the question settled for all time.

The national conventions of 1844 were both held in Baltimore. Clay was practically the unanimous choice of the Whigs, who met on the first of May and gave him a unanimous nomination. Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was nominated for Vice-President on the third ballot.

The Democratic National Convention met on the twenty-seventh of May and adopted the two-thirds rule as necessary to make a nomination. The rule was adopted to defeat Van Buren's renomination. He had a clear majority of the convention, as he received 146 votes on first ballot to 116 for all others, but many of those who voted for him believed that he was unavailable and that he would be defeated. The adoption of the resolution made him a doomed man, but Cass, Johnson and Buchanan, who were the three other prominent candidates, could not command even as large a vote as Van Buren had at the start. After three days of stormy

sessions the trouble was ended by rejecting all the prominent candidates and nominating James K. Polk. He did not receive a vote until the next to the last ballot, when he received 44. On the last ballot he carried the convention by 233 to 2 for Van Buren and 29 for Cass.

HOW THE TELEGRAPH KILLED A NOMINATION

The rejection of all the prominent candidates and the nomination of Polk, who had not been thought of for the Presidency, astounded the Democrats throughout the country, and it was at first indignantly resented by the friends of Van Buren. In order to conciliate the Van Buren people, Silas Wright, of New York, Van Buren's closest friend and then one of our ablest Senators, was nominated for Vice-President, but unfortunately for Wright, Professor Morse had just completed his experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore, and Wright was advised of his nomination by telegraph—one of the earliest news messages that passed over the line—and he instantly responded with a curt and peremptory declination, which resulted in the nomination of George M. Dallas, of Philadelphia.

After mature deliberation the friends of Van Buren decided to give an earnest support to Polk, and Senator Wright was compelled to take the nomination for Governor, to carry his State. He thus became Governor in 1844, instead of Vice-President, and in 1846 suffered a humiliating defeat in a contest for reëlection that practically ended his public career. Had there been no telegraph he would have been the Vice-President.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1848

In 1848 the Democrats started out with every prospect of electing their national ticket. The sentiment of the party was very generally crystallized on General Cass, one of the ablest of the Democratic leaders of his day, and he was nominated at Baltimore on the twenty-second of May with very cordial unanimity, although Woodbury, of New Hampshire, and Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, received a sufficient number of votes to prevent him from obtaining the necessary two-thirds vote until the fourth ballot. With him was nominated General William O. Butler, of Kentucky, for Vice-President.

The Whigs were in an unfortunate position to go before the country. They had opposed the Mexican War vehemently, had protested against the acquisition of Mexican territory, and were certain to be divided on sectional lines arising from the additional Territories and future States our expansion was sure to give us. They were in the same position in which they found themselves in 1839, when they had to unite discordant elements of opposition to Van Buren to win the victory. The idolatry for Clay was yet cherished in all its intensity, and although enfeebled by age, he yielded to the earnest importunities of his friends and announced himself as candidate for the nomination, though all intelligent and dispassionate Whig leaders knew that he was not available.

General Scott had been clouded by serious differences with the Administration, in which his volubility had served his enemies a good purpose, and Webster never had a large popular following as a Presidential candidate. It was the first National Convention that I ever witnessed, being then a boy editor in the interior and not old enough to vote for the men I supported. It was held in Chinese Hall, in Philadelphia, where the Continental Hotel now stands, and was dominated by the wonderfully able political leaders and statesmen which the South produced in ante-bellum days. They knew that they could not meet the slavery issue in the new Territories, and they presented General Taylor to the convention, and, without a pledge from Taylor himself, they formally pledged themselves to the convention that if not nominated he would not be the candidate of any other party, and would support the ticket.

—Webster and another member of the Cabinet formally announced to him the death of the President

He was nominated not because the Whigs had faith in him as a partisan, but because they believed that "Rough and Ready" could not be beaten. He was nominated on the fourth ballot, receiving 171 votes to 32 for Clay, 63 for Scott and 13 for Webster. Clay had fallen from 97 on first ballot to 32. Millard Fillmore was nominated for Vice-President on the first ballot as a tribute to the old-line Clay Whigs. The slavery issue was quickened by the acquisition of new Southern territory. Van Buren was nominated by a large and very able convention of Free-Soilers at Buffalo, with Charles Francis Adams, Whig, for Vice-President. Cass proved to be a strong candidate, but Taylor swept the country, receiving 163 electoral votes to 127 for Cass.

After the nomination of General Taylor for President an interesting, and what would now be regarded as a most ludicrous, incident occurred relating to the letter written by Governor Moorhead, President of the Convention, to General Taylor advising him of his nomination for the Presidency. At that time the prepayment of postage was not compulsory, and unpaid letters were charged from five to ten times the present rate of letter postage. President Moorhead promptly mailed a letter to General Taylor at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, notifying him of his nomination, but several weeks elapsed without any response. The telegraph was then in its infancy, and unthought of as an agent except in the most urgent emergency, and Governor Moorhead finally sent a trusted friend to visit General Taylor and inquire why his letter of acceptance had not been given. Every political crank, as well as many others in the country, had been writing letters to General Taylor on the subject of the Presidency, very few of whom prepaid their letter postage. Old "Rough and Ready" became vexed beyond endurance at the tax imposed upon him, and he gave peremptory orders to the Postmaster to send to the dead-letter office all letters addressed to him which were unpaid. Governor Moorhead, assuming that a letter advising a man of his nomination for the Presidency, that carried with it a reasonably certain election, was a matter of quite as much interest to Taylor as to himself, had not prepaid the postage on his letter, and it had gone to the dead-letter office in accordance with Taylor's general orders. When the mistake was discovered, the error was corrected by the sending of a second letter—postage prepaid—to General Taylor, to which he promptly responded, and the explanation given that the original letter had miscarried in the mails.

—gave peremptory orders to the Postmaster

TWO CONVENTIONS WITHOUT PLATFORMS

One of the memorable features of the two national campaigns in which the Whigs defeated the Democrats was in the fact that the Harrisburg convention that nominated Harrison for President in December, 1839, and the Philadelphia convention that nominated Taylor in 1848, adopted no platform and made no declaration of party faith in any way whatever. The only times that the Democrats were beaten by the Whigs in Presidential contests were when the Whigs invited every phase of opposition by making no declaration of party faith to give offense.

President Taylor died in the summer of 1850, and Millard Fillmore became President by virtue of his office as Vice-President. Taylor's death changed the political purposes of the Administration in the earnest struggle then in Congress to meet the question of slavery in the newly acquired territory. Fillmore, like nearly all Vice-Presidents, was not in harmony with the President, and when he became President himself he reversed the policy of the Administration, which had been favorable to the admission of no Territory until it could be admitted as a State, and thus leave the question of slavery to be decided by the people themselves. Clay, who had no love for Taylor, had returned to the Senate and proposed what were then known and still are remembered as the Compromise Measures of 1850. He then, as in former times, became the pacificator, and dreamed that the slavery issue could be removed by repeated concessions and compromise.

Had Taylor lived the Compromise Measures would have failed; indeed, they had failed in Congress, and Clay had abandoned all hope of success, but when Fillmore became President they were revived and passed, after an earnest struggle, and approved by the new President. It was on this issue that Webster wrecked himself. He was in the confidence of the Taylor Administration, and was chosen to be the champion of its policy for meeting the slavery issue in the Territories. He personally conferred with the Cabinet forty-eight hours before he delivered his memorable seventh-of-March speech, in which he cast his lot with Clay and the pro-slavery wing of the party, and neither the President nor any Cabinet officer had any notice of his purpose to change until they were astounded by hearing the views he expressed in his speech. William M. Meredith, of Philadelphia, was then Secretary of the Treasury, and he was so much offended by what he regarded as Webster's perfidy that he never spoke to him thereafter.

THE SECOND DEMOCRATIC DARK-HORSE PRESIDENT

Fillmore carried the Compromise Measures and forced the Whig party to accept them in the party platform of 1852, but the insincerity of that expression was manifested by the refusal to nominate Fillmore and by the nomination of Scott, who represented the anti-Compromise Whigs of the country. The convention was held in Baltimore on the sixteenth of June, and had an exciting and often stormy session of six days, during which fifty-three ballots were cast for President. The first ballot gave Fillmore 133, Scott 131, Webster 29, and the last ballot gave Scott 159, Fillmore 112, and Webster 21. To conciliate the Administration, William A. Graham, Secretary of the Navy under Fillmore, was nominated for Vice-President. The Democrats met in Baltimore on the first of June, and for the second time gave the country a "dark-horse" President. There were four prominent candidates. The first ballot gave Cass 116, Buchanan 93, Marcy 67, and Douglas 20. Cass never rose above 131, and Buchanan once rose to 104—the nearest that either of the leading men came to the necessary two-thirds vote. On the thirty-fifth ballot, 15 votes were cast for Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, who until then had been unnamed and literally unthought of as a Presidential possibility. His vote increased but little until the forty-ninth and last ballot, when the convention went to him with a landslide, giving him 282 votes with only 6 scattering. Senator William R. King, of Alabama, was nominated with him for Vice-President, but he died before he reached the Vice-Presidential chair.

The contest of 1852 was a hopeless one for the Whigs from the start. The approval of the Compromise Measures chilled the whole anti-slavery sentiment of the North, and the nomination of Scott, because he was the candidate of the anti-slavery Whigs, gave little inspiration to the Whigs in the South. The result was that Pierce, a man who had never been discussed for the Presidency until brought out as a "dark horse" in the national convention, carried every State in the Union but four—Massachusetts and Vermont (curiously enough, his own border State) in the North, and Kentucky and Tennessee in the South.

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

The slavery issue was greatly intensified during the Pierce Administration by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise under the leadership of Douglas, and that gave birth to the Republican party that was destined to conduct the greatest civil war of modern history, to abolish slavery, maintain its power uninterruptedly for a quarter of a century, and to write the most lustrous chapters in the annals of the Republic. Its first convention was held in Philadelphia, on June 17, 1856.

In the general disruption of the Whig party the Democrats were equally disintegrated, and party lines were very largely broken up. The Democratic National Convention met at Cincinnati on the second of June, where the nomination was contested by President Pierce, Buchanan and Douglas. On the first ballot Buchanan received 135, Pierce 122, and Douglas 33. On the sixteenth and next to the last ballot the vote was 168 for Buchanan, 121 for Douglas, and 6 scattering, when Douglas decided the battle by telegraphing that as Buchanan was obviously the choice of the majority of the delegates he should be given the necessary two-thirds vote, and on the seventeenth ballot he was given the vote of every delegate. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was nominated for Vice-President.

THE ELECTION OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN

Buchanan entered the Presidency earnestly determined to end the slavery agitation, but unfortunately he hoped to end it by the unqualified success of slavery in all of the new Territories and the right of transit through the free States of slaves as servants. The Dred Scott decision was foreshadowed in his inaugural address, and he and the pro-slavery statesmen of that time were confident that the Republican ebullition of 1856 was a mere tidal wave that would speedily perish, and that the South would be so strongly entrenched for the defense of slavery that it could not be successfully assailed. He was elected by the South, and he was the strictest of strict constructionists on all Constitutional questions, and he naturally sustained the South in going far beyond what his judgment approved in the efforts to force slavery into Kansas and Nebraska.

The strength of the slavery sentiment steadily grew under the aggravations of the pro-slavery men who sought to force slavery into the new Territories of the West, and it was this continued discussion and the outrages perpetrated on the people of Kansas and Nebraska that made the election of a Republican President possible in 1860, and that finally precipitated the Civil War. Buchanan adhered to the South until open rebellion was organized by the capture of forts and arsenals and the organization of a Confederate government, but when he found himself powerless to restrain the South from armed rebellion he reorganized his Cabinet and exhausted his then wasted powers to bring the South into submission to the Government. He had an aggressively loyal Cabinet during the last few months of his Administration, and when he retired, generally denounced by the loyal sentiment of the country as a faithless Executive, he earnestly supported the Government in every measure necessary to suppress the rebellion and prevent the dismemberment of the Republic. He died soon after the close of the war, a thoroughly honest and patriotic public servant, but widely misunderstood. His revolutionary Kansas-Nebraska policy made the Republican revolution of 1860 inevitable, and made Abraham Lincoln President.

Editor's Note—This is the introductory paper in the series, How We Make Presidents. In papers to follow, Colonel McClure will give his personal recollections of Presidential Conventions.

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES

The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901

HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM
PRESIDENT CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR

PHOTO BY OUTERBRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA
DR. WILLIAM P. WILSON
DIRECTOR-GEN'L EXPORT EXPOSITION

There was a song which has not yet lost its popularity about putting the singer off at Buffalo, and it so happens that it did about as much to advertise the name and fame of this lovely city as anything that ever happened. Next year it will undoubtedly come into vogue again, for the assured success of the Pan-American Exposition will make it a centre of interest not only for the United States, but for Canada and the rest of the world as well.

The fair is in excellent shape. Seven months ago Honorable John Hay, the Secretary of State, addressed the Governments of the Western hemisphere upon the subject. He expressed the conviction that "a general exhibition of American products and industries would tend to promote social and commercial intercourse between the American nations, and be conducive to the common welfare"; and he added, "the wide diversity of natural products with which Nature has enriched the American continent, and the close community of fellowship inspired by our friendly relations, seem to justify a special celebration of the material and social development of the century now drawing to a close, which has been so fertile in promoting inventions and achievements to ameliorate the condition of mankind"; and the official invitation asked every American country "to join in commemorating the achievements of the nineteenth century by holding the Pan-American Exposition at the city of Buffalo, in the State of New York, from May 1 to November 1, 1901, to illustrate the progress and the civilization of the nations of the Western hemisphere, to strengthen their friendships, and to inaugurate a new era of social and commercial intercourse with the new century."

These are the official words. Every exposition starts forth with heavy rhetoric, and Buffalo is no exception; but if any one imagines that it is going to be a dull and purely instructive show, he is mistaken. As a matter of fact, Buffalo is preparing to take all that Paris has in the way of attractiveness and to put on the best American frills that money and genius can obtain. It will undoubtedly be a wonderful American exhibit of life, products and achievements, but it will also be full of that interest which attracts big excursions and sends people home tired, but satisfied. So far it has progressed well. It has an appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars from the State of New York; it has between one and two million dollars subscribed by the people of Buffalo, and its other resources will increase the sum to millions more. The fact that Buffalo itself subscribed a half-million dollars in a single day shows what kind of people live in that part of the world. It has secured to manage the show William I. Buchanan, who was the first chief-of-department selected in the World's Fair at Chicago, where he won such honors that he was afterward appointed United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, which position he resigned in order to take charge of the Buffalo enterprise.

PHOTO BY BOOT, CHICAGO
WILLIAM I. BUCHANAN
DIRECTOR-GENERAL PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

The site consists of three hundred and fifty acres only three miles from the business centre of Buffalo, with one of the most beautiful interior lakes in the country.. Eight of the leading architects of the United States have charge of the architecture. The style is the free Renaissance, which lends itself admirably to color effects, and which, while not producing the indescribable glare of the White City of Chicago, will reach an effect that will be peculiarly artistic and satisfactory. Indeed, the managers of the fair are already claiming a group of exposition buildings never before equaled in beauty and attractiveness. Those are the usual large expectations, but Buffalo says proudly that her exposition will be within a day's journey of over forty millions of people, and Mr. Edwin Fleming, the secretary, in writing to the POST does not hesitate to predict that 20,000,000 persons will be admitted to the show before it is over. One feature of tremendous interest in this exposition is the fact that it will be run by Niagara Falls, and its electric splendors are expected to out-dazzle anything in the history of the world. The cataract is only a half-hour away, and of course the excursion tickets will include both the show and the Falls.

And there will be the other things. It will have new features from Paris, villages of aborigines from American countries, native tribes of North American Indians, a great course for the games and sports of the world, lakes that will surpass Chicago's illuminated canals with their imported ducks and home-made gondoliers, and last but not least, the star attraction of every recent exposition—the Midway.

A World's Fair Somewhere Every Year

We have reached that condition of production and rapid living which seems to demand an international exposition in some part of the world every twelve months. Formerly the habit came along in cycles that allowed occasional breathing-spells, but now the earth goes from one big show to another about as regularly as it changes its calendars. In 1898 the biggest affair was at Omaha, and during the 153 days of the continuance of the Exposition more than two and a half millions of people passed through the gates, or a daily average of upward of 17,000 persons. In the year just closed, the National Export Exposition at Philadelphia, the first international enterprise of its special kind in the world, was open 69 days, during which the daily average attendance was 19,678 people, or more than one million and one-third altogether.

We are now almost at the threshold of the great Paris Exposition, and it is expected to be by long odds the greatest thing of its kind ever known. In our own World's Fair there was a total attendance of 27,539,521, but Paris expects at least to double that. In the former Paris Exposition of 1889 the total attendance was over thirty-two millions. The Exposition this year will occupy twelve per cent. more space than that of 1889, and will cost a great deal more money, the expenditure already having reached the assurance of upward of twenty-seven millions of dollars. France and the United States, the greatest Republics in the world, led their respective hemispheres in these performances. So it is natural to find that as soon as France has finished with the present twelve months the United States will claim the next year for its show.

In this country there have been expositions in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Atlanta, Chicago, Omaha and San Francisco, and it is specially fitting that the next one should be as close as possible to the northern border in a place where great engineering problems have been solved.

It will be at Buffalo—the Pan-American Exposition for 1901, as it is called. In spite of the unattractiveness of the word Pan-American, it will undoubtedly be a wonderful affair. Of course, France, which we could tuck away so easily in a corner of our domain without missing the land, cannot expect to keep up with the pace set by America, so that we shall not only claim 1901, but the wonderful people who now occupy the millions of square miles of the Louisiana purchase have various projects on hand for properly celebrating that great feat of territorial expansion in 1902. St. Louis, which has held more big shows than any other city in America, is faithfully at work on a popular subscription of five millions of dollars as a preliminary for requesting aid from the State of Missouri, other States and the National Government, for a great World's Fair for 1903.

Other places which want World's Fairs will therefore have to be claiming dates, for even the years of the century are numbered.

The Business of Getting Up Expositions

In an article on queer employments which was published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the other day, the writer did not mention the business of getting up expositions, but there are literally thousands of people who make their living by this work, and they comprise diplomats, statesmen, architects, and many kinds, from the humble artisan to the most expert Director-General. An exposition does not grow, like a mushroom, over night. The great show in Paris, which will open in a few months, was really begun in 1892. The exposition at Buffalo was incorporated in 1887 with the declared purpose to conduct an exposition to illustrate the material prosperity of the New World during the nineteenth century, and the first intention was to hold it in 1889, but, as often happens in such enterprises, it was postponed until 1901. During these years plans have been discussed, new ideas have been suggested and rearranged, and the vast work for a great exposition has been going on.

Unquestionably the fascination of this business attracts and keeps able men. There is a lot of pleasure in running a show when you get started. The prominence of the showman is pleasant; the idea of entertaining vast numbers is alluring; the sight of electrical miracles, and the dash and glory of it all yield a satisfaction which dull plodding in ordinary employment can never obtain. Of course, behind the scenes there is the hard work, the careful and continuous calculation and patience; but at the same time the fun is going on, and the exposition man knows that he is a part of it.

So in the new ways of greatness the show business is far exceeding even the best dreams of the only Barnum.

All America Will Take Part in the Show

Mr. Edwin Fleming, the secretary of the Pan-American Exposition, writes as follows to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: "In the preamble to the act passed by Congress last March appropriating a half million of dollars for the Government representation it was asserted that 'satisfactory assurances have already been given by the representatives of Canada, Mexico, the Central and South American Republics, and most of the States of the United States, that these countries and States will make unique, interesting and instructive exhibits peculiarly illustrative of their material progress during the century about to close.' This assertion was well founded. So far in advance of its opening no exposition ever held in this country has received more cordial good will or brought forth more encouraging evidences of unmistakably earnest cooperation on the part of other countries of the Western hemisphere than has the Pan-American Exposition. Through the Department of State is being transmitted most promising information from our diplomatic representatives in Central and South America as to the friendly attitude of the Governments and peoples of the Americas toward the unprecedented national enterprise in which they have been invited to take part.

"In mentioning the influences at work developing the great project the action of the State of New York should not be overlooked. In March, 1898, the Legislature of New York adopted a memorial to Congress in which, after setting forth the purpose of the proposed Pan-American Exposition, the President and Congress were respectfully urged to recognize the Exposition in an appropriate official manner and to extend to it such substantial aid as may be deemed fitting and proper; the Legislature called upon the Senators and the Representatives from the State of New York to aid in the immediate passage of favorable legislation. Promptly responding to this memorial, Congress passed, and the President approved, a joint resolution declaring that the proposed Pan-American Exposition 'merits the encouragement and approval of Congress and of the people of the United States.' Subsequently the State Legislature conferred upon the Exposition Association special powers fully adequate to the evolution of an international exposition, and by another act made large and ample provision for the representation of the State of New York."

Some Reasons for Big Expositions

All expositions exist mainly because the people will pay for them. They are a part of civilization. The good they do is actual and unquestionable. In celebrating historical events they are distinctly educational. In widening the information and views of the people they are mighty agencies of culture. In bringing together the best of art, invention and production they set higher standards of industry and living. In the enormous travel to and fro they help the railroads. In the money the visitors pay, the cities find a pleasant profit.

Behind all, of course, is the fact of the almighty dollar—the expectation of the exhibitor to get full return for his time, trouble and expense. The recent Export Exposition at Philadelphia illustrated the practical point very clearly. Representatives of thirty-seven foreign Governments and of over two hundred foreign Chambers of Commerce attended to find out what America had to offer in the way of manufactured products. Business men from all over the country came for the same purpose. The result of presenting American products in an interesting picture was shown in a most practical way by orders given on the spot, their aggregate exceeding $500,000, and ranging from locomotives for Sweden to paint for South America.

New connections were made by American houses in various parts of the world. "It is impossible," writes one of the officers of the Exposition to the POST, "to estimate in dollars and cents the exact value to American foreign commerce in the near future by these connections, but it is quite within the limits of probability to say that their value will reach within a year one million dollars, and that the future growth will be limited only by the efforts of the manufacturers themselves to conquer the markets into which they are thus introduced."

Another result of this Exposition, and one that explains the usefulness of this particular enterprise, was the instruction of American manufacturers in the needs of foreign countries and foreign peoples. This was done by samples of competitive manufactured goods—practical export object-lessons.

But after all, the great attraction for the average person is the life, the noise and brilliancy of it all. We go to enjoy ourselves, and if we are instructed it is not always our fault.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

ELLEN TERRY

Miss Ellen Terry's Theory

Since her last visit to this country Miss Ellen Terry seems to have grown younger and sprightlier. A short time before sailing she made a run from London to Coventry, where she was born. She had been told that the public-spirited citizens of that ancient city immortalized by Lady Godiva had erected a mural tablet in honor of herself

"I strolled up Market Street," she said, "from the station to No. 5, and there on the wall saw a marble slab, and on it the date of my birth and my name. Of course I was delighted and looked proudly around upon the other houses. Suddenly I noticed a similar slab upon another house on the opposite side of the street. To my amazement I found it was identically the same as the first. I told it to the company when I returned, and one of them said: 'You are like Benjamin Franklin, Miss Terry, if we are to believe Mark Twain's account of him. According to Twain, Franklin was twins, having been born in two places at the same time.'"

Miss Terry has aroused interest in educational circles both here and abroad, and especially among organizations devoted to child study. It came about through her making public her plans for her granddaughter, a beautiful little girl of four, named Rose Marie Ellen Craig

"An obstacle to progress is self-consciousness," she said to a friend; "it develops in childhood, and unless treated properly is apt to influence a person's entire life. I propose to have my little grandchild go on the stage when she is seven years old, and to stay there until she is as much at home before a large audience as in her own nursery. Of course she has stage talent, which is an additional reason for this kind of training. By doing this she will never be troubled by self-consciousness. She will not realize that she is all hands, arms and legs, as most people do when they go upon a platform or even walk across a drawing room. Another point is developing the dramatic instinct which exists in all healthy children. I tell little Rose a story, and then she tells it and acts it to me in return. Sometimes she finds points which I have not noticed and treats them in a way that is simply surprising. Little folks are quick to appreciate fun, and will make humor out of the most solemn passages. In acting Bo Peep, Rose can make it as serious as a tragedy or as ridiculous as a farce, and when it comes to the Three Blind Mice, she converts the nonsensical jingle into a melodrama worthy of Drury Lane in its palmiest days."

Mrs. Cleveland's Christmas Gift

Mrs S R Franklin made a reputation as a hostess of no mean renown when her husband, Rear Admiral Franklin, was in command of the United States European Squadron, early in the eighties. Among the American girls whom she took under her wing was Miss Frances Folsom, now Mrs Grover Cleveland, who was spending the season in Genoa with her mother, who was an invalid at the time. An eminent sculptor, who had a studio in the most picturesque part of the old city, was frequently visited by Mrs. Franklin

One day the sculptor intimated that he was working on one of his masterpieces, and he would like to show it to Mrs. Franklin. She made a special call to inspect the marble with Mrs. Folsom

"Here it is, madam," said the sculptor, throwing off the drapings; "what do you think of it?"

"Why, I don't know what to say," was the reply "Of course it's beautiful. It's Miss Frances Folsom, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the sculptor, "and she likes it so well that she says she will never part with it until she finds a noble husband, and then she will present it to him the first Christmas after their marriage."

Mrs. Franklin's reply is not recorded, but when she visited the White House during the Cleveland régime many pleasant recollections were recalled by a glimpse of the familiar Genoa bust standing in the President's favorite room.

The American's Invitation

Already Harvard is excited over the next inter-collegiate chess tournament, and the hopes of the crimson are based upon their expert player, Elmer E. Southard. He has represented the college for many years past, but there seems to be no other player who is eligible for the honor. Although he was ineligible for the cable match with Oxford and Cambridge because of his skill, this fact makes his nomination almost certain. Once Mr. Southard was confronted with a critical English opponent. "On the other side," he said, "they call Harvard the Kindergarten of American chess."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Southard. "That must be good news for you Come and join our infant class."

The Interesting Origin of the Universal Sign Language

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector emeritus of St. Ann's Church, New York, is probably the best known deaf-mute educator in America. His brother is President of the deaf mute National College, at Washington, D. C., and his father founded the first American school for the instruction of the deaf, in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1815. Before that time deaf persons were regarded by law as maniacs. They were kept in confinement, and had no legal responsibilities. Now every deaf child is forced to go to school, and the result is that hundreds of deaf-mutes are engaged actively in business life in this country.

"The deaf mute sign language," said the Doctor in explanation, "was invented by the Abbé de l'Epée, who lived in Paris in the eighteenth century. He was once called in to treat, spiritually, a deaf child. His investigations showed him the horrors of the system in vogue at that time, and he undertook its reformation. He gathered around him all the deaf-mutes he could find and from their digital jargon he formed the basis of the present universal sign language. For instance, the sign for a lady is the drawing of the thumb of the right hand down the neck, following the imaginary line of a bonnet string. In the days that sign originated all 'ladies' wore bonnets."

It is a singular fact that the deaf-mute and the Indian sign language are [illegible]. The fundamental signs, such as those referring to drinking, eating, sleeping, traveling, direction, time, etc., are precisely the same, whether originating in the deaf street gamins of Paris in the eighteenth century or in the untutored mind of the Indian on the Western plains. And what is stranger still, the same sign answers for "lady" and for "gentleman."

A Persistent Poet

Although R K Munkittrick has no enviable reputation as a humorist, yet he is not the quickest man in the world to see a joke when it is played on himself. Mr Gibson, one of the editors of Puck and also a practical joker, arranged for a special jest to be administered to Mr. Munkittrick

He had provided a trick telephone which emitted a shower of flour when anybody spoke into it

When Mr. Munkittrick arrived it was suddenly discovered that the paper had gone to press and that his copy was too late. There was only one chance, Mr Gibson said, and that was to telephone to the printer and tell him to stop the presses until his matter should be set up and inserted. He asked Mr. Munkittrick to go to the 'phone at once.

Then the staff sat still and held their sides waiting for the explosion. Finally Mr. Gibson rushed to the telephone and found his friend deluged in flour, but still persistently calling "Hello" through the 'phon

He led him back and carefully explained the joke

When he finished, Munkittrick calmly remarked

"Still, I think we ought to let the printer know about my copy; don't you?"

General Collins Taken for a Page

When the Marquis of Ripon in an amiable way wandered about the Massachusetts State House one afternoon in the spring of 1871, he sat down beside a young man who was

GENERAL PATRICK A. COLLINS

occupying a corner of one of the leather sofas. The young man had a bright face with a quizzical look to his mouth, and now and then a twinkle came to his eye as he talked. The Marquis talked a little condescendingly to the young man at first, and in a moment betrayed the fact that he thought his companion was a page

"But I am a Senator," said the young man, smiling

"What?" said the nobleman in astonishment, looking at the smooth face of the young man.

"I am a Senator, elected from a district in the city of [illegible]" was the reply again

"Were you born in the city, too?" said the Marquis.

"No."

"Where, then?"

"In the island next to yours," with a sharp look and a laugh in his eye. The Marquis laughed heartily, too, and he made mental note of the name and face of young Patrick A. Collins. When the two met in England in the summer of 1887 Mr. Collins had a warm welcome from the man who had taken him for a page in the State Senate sixteen years before. When General Collins was United States Consul-General at London the acquaintance was renewed, and the incident of years before laughed over.

PROF. ELWOOD MEAD

Where Water is Not Needed

Among the distinguished officials who will represent this country at the Paris Exposition next May is Professor Elwood Mead, the State Engineer of Wyoming and an irrigation expert of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Mead has already made his mark in the Western States. To his exertions is largely due the success of the many irrigation congresses which have been held in his part of the country, and the better knowledge of fluvial conditions and water rights now possessed by the reading public. He was probably the first to make maps that were truly hydrographic rather than cartographic in character. By charting the water supply, water flow and water shed he proved that the problem of irrigation upon a large scale was far simpler than had been believed by preceding experts. The people, as a rule, appreciate his services, although on one occasion Professor Mead found an exception.

He was speaking at a meeting upon a local water improvement, and after expatiating upon the benefits which would be derived by the farmer, miner, and even the manufacturer, he [illegible]

"Stop right there. They give us too much of it already"

An Excuse that Failed

Charles Miller, a Standard Oil magnate, whose home is in Franklin, Pennsylvania, has a precocious son less than ten years old in whom hard business sense and worldly caution are highly developed One day Mr. Miller said to his son

"My boy, it's time for you to go to bed. I want you to get up bright and early to-morrow and go to church with me."

"I don't think I care about going to church to-morrow," replied Master Miller

"Why not?"

"Last Sunday [illegible] her said he was going to preach about the devil

"Well?"

"I know he will say lots of hard things about the devil—awful hard things about him"

"Well?"

"Don't you think, papa, that if we listened to that sermon it would be rather unpleasant if we ever met the devil some day?"

But the boy went to church in spite of his clever excuse

General Harrison's Most Famous Case

"It is doubtful," said an Indianapolis lawyer the other day, "whether General Harrison recalls a certain case which he tried out in Indiana that was more remarkable in its way than the session of the Venezuela arbitration. Of the four counsel, only one had ever been heard of outside of his own State, and the Judge had merely a local reputation. Yet within twelve years one of the quartette had been elected Vice-President of the United States, another one President, still another United States Senator, and the Judge had risen to the Circuit bench and had filled two posts in President [illegible] Cabinet.

"It was a political case, and each party chose its most famous representative to represent it. Mr. Harrison aided the United States District Attorney, and Senator David Turpie and Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks appeared for the Democrats. The Judge was Walter Q. Gresham, who had been appointed District Attorney for Indiana less than nine years before."

Singing Himself Into Office

Samuel M Jones, known to his Toledo adherents as "Golden Rule" Jones, has been criticised in a curious manner for his failure in his recent gubernatorial campaign in Ohio.

Mr. Jones is a musician of considerable talent, besides being a big manufacturer and a popular politician. When he was running for the Mayoralty of Toledo he wrote two songs, and sang them himself in Golden Rule Hall, an institution of his own, where musicales are given free for the benefit of workingmen and their families

At a recent meeting in that same hall a labor advocate said to him: "Mr. Mayor, in my opinion you lost this last election because you didn't write songs and sing them as you did the last time you ran for office"

The Romance of Phelim Ruadh

By Seumas Mac Manus

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "In Chimney Corners," etc.

AFTER we had finished planting our own few patches of potatoes, I shouldered my spade on a morning, before the larks preened their breast-feathers and crossed the Binban Mountains to Gleann Mor, there to help our cousin, Denis MacDiarmuid, with his plantin.

On the second day I wrought with Denis, as we a[illegible] abreast up the South Slope field, camping—for Denis wa[illegible]te with his work this year and wanted to get out of m[illegible] during the week he would have me, all the work he could. A lanky, ill formed individual with dark red hair, spar[illegible] countenance and restless eye, and dressed in well-worn priest's clothes, came over the fields toward us.

"Good mornin', Denis Diarmuid," said he, when h[illegible]

"Good mornin', sthranger. Benediction an' welcome to ye."

Denis said. "Good mornin', Phaylim Ruadh."

I said, "Good mornin', and thanky kindly." And I looked the curious fellow up and down.

He sat down close by us, on a newly set ridge, and drew from some complicated corner of his clothing a very black clay pipe. He looked inquiringly into the bowl of it, shook his head and said "Whew—ew—ew!" disappointedly.

"Is it emp'y, Phaylim?" Denis queried.

"As emp'y, Denis, as Eamon Ward's pocket the mornin' he woke in the sthrange lodgin's in Glasgow."

"Here ye are," said Denis, thinging to him half a foot of twist. "Fill the pipe an' put a chunk in yer pocket."

Phelim seized the piece, and, as he carefully examined it said, "May yer shadow increase, Denis Diarmuid, an' yer days be long in the lan'."

He fished up a stubby whittle knife from a deep outer pocket of his coat (his arm disappearing to the elbow in the act), tore off and teased in his palm as much to[illegible] filled the pipe, and then cut—I was observing him closely and curiously—a rather modest p[illegible]e from the roll. He put the piece into some hole in his clothing, and with profuse and hea[illegible] of stiffly worded, thanks, returned to Denis the remainder.

Denis glanced at it and hastily proffered it back again. "Man, dear," he said, "shure I wouldn't tell me name for all ye've tuk. Why, man, ye didn't take any at all, at all. Take double as much."

Phelim Ruadh courteously declined the privilege with a graceful wave of his hand. "I thank thee, Denis Diarmuid," he said. "Yer generosity overwhelms me. I have partaken to satisfaction. An', Denis, ye iv cour[illegible] remimber the words iv the anshint philosopher that so appropriately [illegible] upon the subject?"

"No, thin, Phaylim," Denis s[illegible] apologetically, as he plied the spade. "I'm afeerd I don't. My education, as ye know, is a *bit* backward."

It was Julius Saizer, or Aristotl[illegible] Ptolemy—I don't just at the prisent moment call to mimory which—but anyhow, it was some [illegible]an or other iv me anshint frien's who made use iv the aphorism—'Enough,' he sayed, 'is as good as a faist.' Return thy tobacco to thy pocket, Denis Diarmuid. An' may yer fingers niver fin' an emp'y pocket there!"

"Very well, Phaylim; ye wor always too modest. Ye'll fin' a light at the fut iv the ridge."

At the foot of the ridge we had the usual half a dozen turf burning for this purpose.

Phelim took up a half burned one and applied it to his pipe, pressing portions of the burning coal into the bowl and ejecting from his mouth g[illegible] puffs.

Between the puffs he said: "Denis a vic, on the night ye depart this life (which God delay!), may there be [illegible]ows iv winged white angels as thick as palm'-sticks, with flamin' torches to light ye on the way to Heaven!"

Thanky, Phaylim Ruadh, thanky; an' God reward ye [illegible] all yer good prayers.

"I have a long way afore me the mornin' yet. I've to thramp to Gleanamadhoo to oul' Taigy Gildea's (Taigy's near his last these days, poor man!) to give him instructions for daith—an' from that I've to be up again at Meenahilla at nightfall, at Mary Mhor's, to houl' a catechis' class for the Meenahilla chilbhre that's preparin' for Confirmation. Father Charles tells me he believes he'll be able to induce his Lordship to gi' me Minor Ordhers when he comes roun' in May." (I looked up at him here; but he was in [illegible] earnest.) "So," said he, "I'll be wishin' ye, Denis Diarmuid, a good mornin', an' a blessin' on yer work. [illegible] the same to ye, sthranger!"

Then he was gone. I leaned with folded arms on my spade-head and watched him disappear. His stride was long and loose, and not slow; his arms swung as loosely and awkwardly as those on a toy figure, a goodly reek of smoke floated backward over his left shoulder; his coat tails sailed along after him, and altogether he presented a striking picture to me.

Denis was spading away industriously; after a minute he remarked, as if soliloquizing, "Poor Phaylim Ruadh!"

I turned. "*Is he* is Phaylim Ruadh, Denis?"

"That's him—a poor half wit! an' with more larnin' than would maybe bust many a wise man's head."

"How did he come by the learnin', Denis? He wasn't a half wit born, sure was [illegible]?"

"A half wit born? No—no!" In Denis' "No—no" there was a ring of deep feeling, and his head was shaken in sympathetic accompaniment. "Nor a half-wit bred, neither. No."

"Then what come over the p[illegible]r fella, Denis?"

"Ah—h—h!" Denis said, sadly drawing out the exclamation; "that's a story!"

During the two hours succeeding I think Denis MacDiarmuid did not speak twice.

But he told me the story of Phelim Ruadh that night.

After we quit work, which was not till the shades of evening were heavy, we supped a hearty supper of good oat

THANKY, PHAYLIM RUADH, THANKY AN' GOD REWARD YE IVER, FOR ALL YER GOOD PRAYERS

stirabout with thick milk, and then we wandered out, and down the *cassaigh* in the moonlight, with our pipes going smoothly, and on to the road which we followed to the little bridge. About the bridge hollow, peace was lying thick, and a certain fascinating gloom was there hedged in by the tall and flowery-robed hawthorns that circled around. Denis and I sat upon the parapet-wall with our legs dangling over the crooning streamlet which glided beneath. And after we sat here many minutes, absorbing the peace and the beauty of the place and hour, Denis MacDiarmuid said:

"Ay, poor Phaylim Ruadh had a story!"

We both listened again intently to the streamlet's crooning which suddenly seemed to have taken a saddened tone.

"Old Neil McGeever, iv Glassach," Denis began after a little, "had the two sons, Phaylim Ruadh an' Neil Og. Neil had a tidy bit iv a farm, an' it niver wanted iv bein' well stocked—for our Glen. An' he had more sheep on the hills than maybe the most iv us. So, he was snug an' warm, an' well-to-do. An' they wor as well put-on" (well dressed) "himself an' Peggy an' the two youngsthers, as e'er another family in the parish. But it wasn't all for nothin' they had it. Old Neil McGeever was as hard a worker, early an' late summer an' winther, as was to be foun' in the length an' brea'th iv the Glen; an' Peggy wasn't wan whit behin' him. If they kep' the youngsthers purty close to their schoolin' itself, they had them out in the fiel' mornin' an' evenin' doin' what they could do, an' tarchin' them to be industhrous. Phaylim, who was the ouldest iv the two boys, an' be raison iv his red head was called Phaylim Ruadh, was in throth, industhrous enough. He was an ughter formed individial than ye see him the day, an' only just middlin' sthrong, but as good-hearted a *garsun* as ever stepped on the s[illegible] an' he'd go to the Well iv the World's En' at a nod from his father or mother. But Neil—young Neil—Neil Og, was [illegible] makin's iv as clane an' clever, han'some a young fe[illegible] as ye'd care to dhrop yer eyes on. Neil Og was the pride iv his mother—an' father, too, an' poor Phaylim atself was as vain iv him as any wan. Neil Og wasn't by no means as industhrous a boy as Phaylim, an' whin the both iv them was put to do a piece iv work the heavy end iv it was shure to be done be Phaylim, who was the last able iv the two. An' poor Phaylim, he was always only too glad to make Neil sit down an' rest himself whilst he'd do *his* part iv the work. An' Neil would sit him down an' whistle or sing whilst Phaylim wrought for him. An' thin he'd say, 'Thanky, Phaylim, ye're the heart an' sowl iv a good feila,' whin poor Phaylim, panting an' pickin', had finished—an' Phaylim thin was more plaised than if Neil had put yalla goold in his pocket.

Neil McGeever an' Peggy had always the notion that they'd like, if they wor at all able, to make a priest out iv wan iv the boys, an' for this they put by every ha'penny they could scratch an' save, an' they wrought harder an' harder, niver sparin' themselves, to save it one an' more.

"There was wan day, in the Ware time, when Phaylim had come to be close on fifteen years iv age, an' Neil Og was thirteen, an' on this day the McGeevers just finished their spring settin', whin Phaylim raiched the en' iv his ridge, he tuk an' he threw his spade as far from him as he could put it. 'Ye've done yer work,' says he, 'an' all throuble go with ye. Farewell, Father,' says he, 'I'll go to the Latin school an' l'arn to be a priest.'

The father looked at Phaylim a long time, steady, an' didn't say much. But that night, afther Phaylim an' Neil Og had gone to their bed on the laft, the father an' mother sat over the fire chattin' low, till it was afther twelve o'clock. An' the nixt mornin' whin Phaylim an' Neil were suppin' their bowls iv stirabout, the father come in from the byre, where he had been fotherin' the cows, an' sat down at the windy facin' thim, an' says he, 'Phaylim, yer mother an' me has been thinkin' over an' consitherin' what ye mintioned yisterday whin ye laid away yer spade.' 'Yis, father,' says Phaylim. 'We talked it over an' over afther yez had both gone to yer beds las' night; an' Phaylim, as we can only afford to educate some wan iv ye for the clargy, an' as even that'll be just a tough enough sthruggle with us, we come to the conclusion that we'd laive it [illegible] whether ye wouldn't think it [illegible] to let Neil go on instead iv yet [illegible] in' that Neil is such a han'some presentable lad an' would make such a fine lookin' clargyman as would make yer father an' mother's heart glad an' proud for him?' 'Ay, father,' Phaylim sayed in a sort iv way as if he didn't know what he was sayin'. He was spoonin' an' spoonin' at the stirabout now, but the sorra drap iv it was goin' intil his mouth. 'Ye know, Phaylim,' says the father, 'it plaised God not to make ye as han'some as He might.' 'Ay, father,' Phaylim sayed. 'Not,' says the father, 'but He put into ye as han'some a heart an' as swate a sowl as He iver bliss'd a boy with. But the looks iv Neil, an' the winnin' ways he has with him, would be a gran' help to push him on in the wurrl'. It would be a mortal pity,' says he, 'to waste such a fine fella in a ditch-sheugh. Now, Phaylim *a thaisge*, I laive it to ye to say which iv yez is to go on for the priest—Neil or ye.'

Phaylim, without sayin' a word, laid aside the bowl an' spoon gently out iv his han', an' puttin' his cap on his head, walked for the doore. 'Phaylim *a mhic*,' says his father, 'where are ye goin'?'

'Father,' says Phaylim, haltin' in the doore but not thrustin' himself to luk roun'—lukin' down at his feet rather

for there was a chokin' in his voice—'Father,' says he, 'I m goin' down the fiel' to lift me spade again.

Then Denis MacDiarmuid halted in his story. He dangled his feet and looked below to where moonlight was playing on the stream. I fixed my gaze on the same spot and did not speak. After a minute he went on.

"From that mornin' Neil Og was axed to work no more in the fiel'. He was now marked for a priest, an' he was kep' at school closer than afore, an' Masther McGrane, iv the Reelan, was fetched to the house three nights a week to l'arn him the Latin an' the dead langidges. Neil was noways sorry to give up the spade-work. But Phaylim—if he was an industhrous boy afore—he was double an' throuble as industhrous now. An' at night he'd be standin' gleekin' over Neil Og's shouldher whin Masther McGrane 'ud be puttin' Neil through his facin's in the langidges, an' at other times he'd take up wan or other iv Neil's books an' be foolin' at it for himself. His father 'ud be chasin' off Phaylim to do this an' that little *jobberish* that l as to be done about a house afther night, an' 'Arrah, Phaylim,' he'd say, 'can't ye not be burnin' the eyes out iv ver head foolin' with thim l[illegible] that ye know nothin 'at all about?' An' his mother 'ud say, 'Musha, Phaylim, ye wrought hard in the fiel' the day, an' wan would think that should be enough for ye without moidherin' yer poor head over things that 'ud be a puzzle to ye the longest ve'd live, if ve lived till the age iv Mathusalim's gran'father.' Phaylim 'ud off in a crack an' do what was wanted iv him, an' back an' clapped down at the book again str'ight. An' the mother an' father would shake the head

"An' at night h d be standin' gleekin' over Neil Og's shouldher whin Masther McGrane 'ud be puttin' Neil through his facin's in the langidges"

"But wan night afther Neil Og was several months at the Latin, doesn't Masther McGrane puzzle him with a stiff queskin on t[illegible] An' whin Neil was puzzled doesn't me brave Phaylim rhyme off the reply as pat as his prayers. An' Masther McGrane called shame on Neil to let Phaylim Ruadh, who was only poutherin' through the books, bate him like that. An' Neil Og cried hearty whin Masther McGrane was gone, an' he sayed it wasn't fair iv Phaylim; an' the father an' mother both upbraided Phaylim, an' they sayed they had often an often toul' him not to be pokin' into books he knowed nothin about an' could only (as now) take harm out iv.

"Phaylim, when he seen the harm he done, cried hearty an' said he'd niver open wan iv Neil's books more, an' his father an' mother both sayed he was a good, obaidient chile. An' Phaylim kep' his word faithful, though it was a hard sthrain on him, for he'd sit the len'th iv a lee-long winther's night at the farthest en' iv the fire from Neil's books.

"Neil Og he made a very fair fist iv the Latin an' langidges undher Masther McGrane, an' in the coorse iv a couple iv years he was sint off to a boordin' school to become more parfected; an' from that, in the course iv another couple iv years, he went into college to prepare for a pric[illegible]

"Neil Og was a lavish lad, an' was costin' his poor father an' mother a gey penny. But they doted on him, an' if he spint twicet as much they'd deny thimselves the very needcessities an' work the flesh off their bones to put enough in young Neil's pocket. An' there was none wrought harder, or more slavish, than Phaylim Ruadh. He didn't spare himself, in throth; an' whin the money run so low as to make his poor father an' mother onasy, Phaylim, ivery day he could spare off their own farm, wrought to this neighbor an' that, an' fetched home his white shillin' at night an' give it till his mother to 'put past for poor Neil'; an' thin the nixt day he'd kill himself on their own farm thryin' to do two days' work to pull up for the day he'd lost off it.

"The last year in Neil's coorse in college, all their dhry money havin' run out, they sould two iv the milk-cows out iv the byre to keep Neil in the pocket-money a gintleman should have. An' close afther that there comes the letther from Neil Og to say that he foun' he hadn't the vocation for a priest, an' accordin'ly he'd left the college for good an' all.

"Whin his poor mother heerd this she niver moved, an' she niver give a moan; but whin Phaylim wint to her an' touched her on the shouldher she was dead.

"No wan heerd the word iv complaint partin' Phaylim's lips thim days, nor saw the tear at his eye. He waked an' buried daicent his poor mother, an' watched afther his poor father at the same time. An' bether for him, poor oul' man, if he'd passed away like Peggy. Whin he heerd the news his heart bruck like a bit iv a dhry bramble, an' from thin till God relaised him, which was ten months afther, he wandhered about among the neighbors axin' thim if they'd seen or heerd any tidin's iv his purty son, Neil Og.

"Neil Og, he wrote Phaylim a heart br'akin' letther whin he heerd iv the poor mother's daith. 'But, Phaylim, dear,' he sayed, 'shure no wan could expect me to take the priesthood whin I hadn't the vocation for it?' An' thin he went on to say that he'd like to go on for the medical. Seein' he was so well forrid with the langidges an' so forth, he sayed, it wouldn't take much now to gradiate him as a docthor—if Phaylim thought he could spare him any more money now, and other wee thrifles from time to time.

"Poor Phaylim tuk out to the fair an' sould the best milkery he had iv the few remainin' in the byre; an' he sint to Neil Og the price iv it without stoppin' three ha'pence. An' in two months more he sould another cow an' sint the money to Neil, who wrote that he wanted more cash. He had only the bare wan cow remainin' now, an' he wanted that wan to give the dhrop iv milk to the poor father, so he sthrived an' wrought fifty ways to rise more money for Neil, an' kep' sindin' him a poun' now an' a few shillin's again, an' so on, till the father's daith. From Neil he got the most heartsome letthers filt with thanks, an' tellin' iv the grand speed he was comin' entirely in the docthor's coorse. When Phaylim laid his poor father anoundher the sod, Neil Og was there, an' he was a heart-broken man. The people sayed he was killin' himself studyin', bekase he was the most wasted man they'd ever seen. He stayed with Phaylim a month, an' a sorrowful man he was.

"Phaylim did his level best to comfort him, an' he axed Neil to return to Dublin an' go on with his medical coorse. 'I'll work hard, Neil *a paisdin*,' Phaylim would say, 'an' I think I'll always manage to scrape up a few shillin's for ye.' Often whin Phaylim 'ud say this Neil would br'ak down an' cry on Phaylim's neck.

"But at len'th wan day Neil Og disappeared, an' the first Phaylim heerd iv him he was in Dublin again. He wrote Phaylim that he was goin' to try to pay his own way be actin' afther hours as tutor to gintlemen's sons. For as good as five months Neil Og niver let a week go over his head that he didn't write Phaylim an affectionate letther—an' ivery letther had the good news that he was earnin' plinty iv money to keep him daicent. But thin there was six weeks an' no letther come, an' though Phaylim wrote an' wrote again he couldn't get an answer. He was in a disthressful state whin at long last a letther comes from Neil to say that he didn't write bekase he hadn't his tuitions any more an' he was busy thryin' several manes iv raisin' the money he wanted. He hadn't been successful, he sayed, an' as a last resort would have to fall back on Phaylim again for seven or eight poun's if he could possibly spare him it. Phaylim Ruadh was delighted to get any news from Neil. He tuk the last remainin' cow into the fair iv Glenties an' sould her, an' posted the money to Neil. That was only the beginnin' iv the sendin' iv the money again. Ivery wanst in a while Neil wanted a little more an' a little more—an' ivery time he axed for any he said he hoped that would be his last. Neil explained that he'd like to take a run home to see Phaylim, 'but, ye know,' he'd say, 'even if I could afford the money (which I can't), I can't spare the time from medical studies. But do as well as ye know how, Phaylim,' he'd say, 'an' may God reward ye.' Phaylim he begun dhrawin money be mortgage on the house an' lan' an' sendin' it to Neil Og, not pretendin' to him but he was earnin' this money, an' [illegible] the time, too, Phaylim was workin' out, wet an dhry—either for himself or to wan iv the neighbors—as a black slave niver worked.

"An' wan sore night, whin there was plinty iv both wind an' coul' rain—just whin Phaylim was on his knees sayin' his prayers at bedtime—the latch was lifted an' an object drenched through an' through, an' with sthreams runnin' off him as if the Finn River had been emptied on him, walked into the kitchen an' stood with his hat off in the middle iv the floore; an' whin the flicker iv the firelight fell on his white countenance it was Neil. It was Neil, but such a wasted an' worn Neil, so white an' so wrecked lukin' that his own brother Phaylim at first dhrew away from him with a cry, for he felt sure he was lukin' upon his brother's wraith.

"He had broken down in his health, he explained later, an' he had sthruv an' sthruv to get on with his studies an' to remain, but it was all useless; he had to give in. He paid out the last iv his money to his lan'lady, so he sayed; an' then he tuk the road for home.

"For six months Neil Og stayed at home. An' Phaylim was happy as he nursed him into health again.

"At the end iv the six months he was feelin' an' lukin more like a man again, an' thin wan day he sayed, 'Phaylim, I've been long enough a burden, an' a sore wan, on ye. I'll be wan no longer. Could ye rise me twinty poun' an' I'll go an' start life in Amerika?'

"There was nothin' for it but let Neil go. So Phaylim sould to his neighbor, Conal Magee, his best meadow fiel' for thirty five poun'—an' put the whole thirty five poun' into Neil's purse (sore agin' Neil's will, indeed, to do him justice), an' cried him off aboord an Amerika vessel.

"An' at last the word come from some iv the neighbors' childhre that was in Boston (where Neil was) that Neil Og was broken down entirely in health, an' no life expected for him be the docthors. It was dhrink, they sayed, done it—for that Neil had done nothin' only frequent saloons, an' dhrink, dhrink, dhrink.

"When the bad news that Neil was for daith was bruck to Phaylim Ruadh, Phaylim without any delay sould out what lan' he still owned, an' aither payin' off all debts, he had just sixty poun's to put into his pocket, whin he put his fut on the ship for Amerik.

"He foun' Neil in hospital there. Neil refused to see him. An' whin Phaylim insisted an' come in, Neil turned away his face to the wall. Phaylim threw himself on his knees be the bedside an', with his face buried in the bed clothes, cried an' cried.

"Whin Phaylim had lain an' cried this way for long, Neil at last turned his head an' cast an eye down on him. 'Phaylim Ruadh,' says he bitterly, 'I gave ordhers ye weren't to be let in to see me. I'm sufferin' enough, God knows, without havin' to see the man that has wronged me. Be ivery law iv justice I had the right to half iv me father's lan', an' half iv everything was on it, an' half iv me father's money. Ye paid me off with a few dirty shillin's now an' [illegible]. It was neither daicent, fair nor honest! Phaylim [illegible] it's shamed iv yerself ye should be if ye had any sperrit!' Neil Og thried to rise himself up in his bed as he sayed this—but he was too walk, an' fell back again an' thin shuk his fist angrily at his brother. 'Now, Phaylim Ruadh,' he sayed, 'go away! I only ax to be let die in paice.'

"Ivery day for a fortnight Phaylim come an' sat by his brother, an' though he spoke soothin' words to Neil often an' often, Neil didn't take any notice iv him.

"Day after day he sunk an' sunk. They knew he was goin' fast, but still none iv them thought he'd go as suddinly as he did wan night. An' whin the last struggle come he was callin' for 'Phaylim! Phaylim!' an' Phaylim's name was mixed up with the last rattle in his throat.

"When the frien's gathered, they sayed, 'Where will we bury him?' 'In the Glen graveyard,' says Phaylim. They all looked at Phaylim, an' were throubled for him at this answer. 'Why do ye talk iv the Glen graveyard, Phaylim *a thaisge?*' they sayed gently. 'Don't ye mind ye're in Amerika?' 'I know that—I know that,' says Phaylim, 'but poor Neil's head wouldn't be aisy so far from the Glen. Ye mind, *his own* is there, an' more nor that—the blackbird sings there an' the lavrock, an' there's daisies an' primroses, an' plinty iv hawthorn blossoms that Neil used to love; an' the throuts jump in the croonin' river just below where his bed'll be. I'll bury Neil in the Glen graveyard frien's.'

"Phaylim brought him home, an' the neighbors all stood by whilst the last iv Neil Og was laid undher the green sod in the little graveyard on the slopin' bank iv the river, above.

"Phaylim spoke few words either then or for three months afther. A brain faiver come on him, thin, an' whin he come out iv that (which the poor fella did by a meracle) he had lost mimory iv Neil an' iv all that happened, an' was what ye see him now—half witted."

As we walked home, I broke the silence.

"As God is a marciful God," I said, "wouldn't you judge that Phelim had suffered enough without that last affliction?"

Denis MacDiarmuid looked at me and said, "Phaylim Ruadh, afther he had buried his brother, was wan iv the most pitiful objects in God's creation—the heart iv a savage would melt for him. Phaylim Rundh now fancies himself well on the road to'rt bein' a priest, he talks the grandest an' finest iv book English at us, to our delight an' his; he has a busy life taichin' the catechiz to the childhre, pravin with dyin' people an' preparin them, an' argufyin' the Scriptures with the livin an' there's a warm an' hearty welcome afore him in ivery house from the head to the fut iv the parish—a *cead failté*, an' the best the house can afford he knows neither woe nor want.

"Phaylim brought him home, an' Neil Og was laid undher the green sod"

"Do ye think was it ur not a marciful God that sint on him that affliction?" said Denis MacDiarmuid.

I did not reply.

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Why is the Anglo-Saxon Disliked?

OUR new citizens, or subjects, in the tropics East and West, have but to become acquainted with us to become fond of us—so we think. The black man and the brown, the process of assimilation or of subjugation once completed, cannot know us but to love us nor name us but to praise—such is our naive belief. We like ourselves; other people should like us too.

This flattering unction will go for nothing. No people, least of all a subordinated one, ever really liked another. No people ever will. And we, of all peoples—we, the Anglo-Saxons—are the least likely to make ourselves endeared. The Continental nations have come to look upon the Englishman as being not a "good European"; he is as much set apart by his morale as by his topographical situation. The American, once tolerantly viewed as a kind of juvenile Englishman, is to-day judged with the severity that maturity invites. The two halves of our race are now set together and frowned upon in common.

Why are we disliked? Because we are successful. Or, more exactly, because we are prosperous. The question then becomes, Why are we prosperous?

We are prosperous because, more fully and more readily than any other stock, and with smaller sense of loss or of incompleteness, we can disembarrass ourselves of certain elements that are in general looked upon as normal in the make-up of the average human being, but that do not promote his progress in the world. We can subordinate passion, and we can elbow aside the amenities. With the Italian, for example, love is a pursuit and an occupation in itself; and the Frenchman expects to "*cherchez la femme*" as a matter of course. Boulanger was neither the first nor the last of them to get entangled, to his own undoing, in the hem of a petticoat. The Anglo-Saxon, of all men, is least likely to have the plans of a cool head upset by the pranks of a hot heart. This peculiarity is recognized the world over as abnormal, and the advantage it gives under the modern conditions of rivalry is more or less resented.

Again, *savoir-faire* is no great part of the Anglo-Saxon outfit; *suaviter in modo* does not always find a close translation into English. We carry a crude, brutal directness with us all over the world. We are always ready to leave the gravel walk and cut across the grass—an informality that calls forth protest. Of all peoples we are the crudest when away from home—and the barbarian, even the savage, is very likely not to be crude at all. Travelers assure us that nowhere do good manners count for more than in the jungle.

If the Englishman is held to be not a good European, the Anglo-Saxon may easily come to be held as not a good [illegible]. Our blood circulates on a plan of its own—a [illegible] the cool head, the clear vision, the firm [illegible] Anglo-Saxon may be looked upon as a specialist highly effective in his one department—the domain of the [illegible]cal. The fair, all-round development on a general emotional basis he leaves to men of different blood.

The emotional manifestations of our race (as in the arts) do not interest the outside world. The whole Caucasian tribe has heed for Maupassant, or Mascagni, but will not listen to us save on matters practical. No Englishman since Byron has had a real vogue on the Continent. The only Americans who are recognized abroad as having any true value and any actual bearing on the fundamental concerns of life are Whitman and Poe—those daring and passionate reprobates that are still banned by our respectables. Our self-conscious drawing room proprieties amuse the big round world, but hardly interest it. We are too self-righteous to secure its sympathy—too calmly expert in avoiding the pitfalls that beset the feet of Manon, and Gretchen, and Santuzza, and Des Grieux, and Hulot, and Chardon.

The Anglo-Saxon is the cool, determined, calculating person who prospers, but who does not endear himself. The Filipino has already found the American as tyrannous as the Spaniard, and not nearly so agreeable personally. If the "lesser breeds" must toe the line, there is a choice of manners to employ in bringing them to it; and if we may believe the voice of Experience, the pleasantest manner that we can assume will be the one best calculated to minimize our tribulations. Surely we do not admire ourselves so heartily that the admiring good will of the rest of mankind may be dispensed with.

—HENRY B. FULLER.

The only orthodox man is he who really believes what he professes.

The Mind of the Mob

SOME one has said that if a gun were placed on Sandy Hook with a guaranty that one man out of every 10,000 consenting to be fired from its muzzle would survive and at once become a millionaire, while the other 9999 would perish, applications for places in the gun would be filed years ahead and the gun would be kept hot from continuous firing.

The author of this statement might have omitted the guaranty. The only assurance needed to collect a mob of applicants would be the unsupported statement on flaming posters that the ten-thousandth man would live and be a millionaire. Thinking of the joys of the millionaireship, the mob would not stop to investigate the truth or falsity of the statement. It would not consider the great odds. It would merely say: "How nice if I *should* come out alive. How fine if I *should* become a millionaire."

For a concrete example of this characteristic of the mob mind one need only look at the recent epidemic of fake banking schemes exposed in New York City. Notably the pioneer among these was a "syndicate," the head of which offered to pay 520 per cent. interest on deposits. He offered no security. Good judgment said such interest could not be paid, and the wiser ones knew that it would bankrupt the nations of the earth. Yet that strange trait of mind which would send men flocking to be fired out of the hypothetical cannon brought them to the "syndicate" in question. They saw nothing but the desirability of the fulfillment of the impossible promises. If they stopped to ask, "Can he really pay it?" they answered their own question: "But how fine if he only can! What if he could?"

One saw exhibited the same strange phase of mind which sends men to the wild-eyed Indian doctor with his long hair and his flaming posters which announce a mysterious cure all revealed to the long-haired one by "Squaw Medicine" at her death. It was the phase of mind which makes men play games where the odds are all with the house, which impels them to commit crime when they know exposure, disgrace and capture will follow.

Common-sense, experience and mathematics all unite in saying, "Don't do it; the thing is impossible." But the mob-mind answers back, "How fine if it *should* come out all right." Then the step is taken.

There is only one conclusion. The mob-mind bases its belief not upon reason but upon desire. It desires to believe that marvelous results will follow a certain investment, that miraculous recovery will come from the medicines of a quack, that escape from the consequences of crime is possible; and desiring, it believes, and believing, it acts.

—LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

Big fish are seldom caught at high tide.

The Man and the Bird

THE connection between mankind and birds has always been more or less picturesque, and at the same time pathetic to a degree, with not a little touch of grotesquerie in it. When the old Bible character longed for the wings of a dove that he might fly away and be at rest, he was but giving a turn of ethereal sentiment to what the heathen accorded to birds when watching their flight for prophetic signs and hints. The Greek girl bound the wryneck to her wheel and whirled it round and round in order to influence love and fate. The dove was sent forth from the Ark to bring in a sign that the tree-tops were above water. Halcyon had a way of making fair weather and a calm sea when its nesting-time arrived. All through the ancient mythologies we see the flash of avian colors and the twinkle of restless wings. A prince was turned into a woodpecker; two girls took wings and became the nightingale and the swallow; indeed, the descent of man has been timed to the fluting of birds. Poets have never been able to live separated from the companionship of the wild singers of grove and field; even the most savage tribes found in the birds a mysterious affinity which seemed to them a sort of key to the mystery of life.

When mankind began to emerge from the wildest state and take the gay bird-plumes from its hair, the first great step in lyric art was toward an imitation of bird-song. The flute preceded the lyre and held its own until Apollo flayed Marsyas alive and so settled the question by force. Pan cut a reed merely to imitate the piping of all the winged musicians in grove and brake and field. The oaten flute so loved of the simple poets was the Arcadian thought roughly realized, a hint caught of old by shepherd and vagabond hunter from the nightingale, thrush, lark, finch and sparrow.

The old myths have lost their sap and chlorophyl, their smack of honeydew and their savor of ambrosia; but the birds still live and sing, holding with fresh vigor their grip on the human imagination and the human heart. It is asserted meantime by the ornithologists that the singing birds are rapidly disappearing from the earth. The beautiful and melodious bluebird, once so numerous all over our country, is entirely gone from an immense area. The mocking bird has disappeared from many of its former dwelling places, and even in the far South its number has been reduced more than fifty per cent. within the past ten years. The same is true of nearly all the singers which once awoke us of a spring morning with their ravishing clamor.

What effect is this elimination of birds and bird-song likely to have upon the esthetic temper and trend of the human taste and imagination? A few people who consider themselves the embodiment of "practical life and thought" will shrug their shoulders and turn with disdain from a question which appears so insignificant. But why not judge the future by the past? Cut out of history from earliest times till now the fine record of the birds, sponge it from life and art, and no one will be so "practical" as not to feel the irreparable loss. To the aboriginal artist, the splendid color-markings of wing and crest and dainty throat and body were the first lessons in painting, as the bird form was, next after the human form, the first model for drawing and sculpture. At last the poets—the rarest of all artists—were called human nightingales, and were somehow associated with wooded hillsides, the banks of streams, and the lark's high fields of ether. It may be—who knows?—it may be that apace with the disappearance of the birds, who taught man to sing, the art of lyric poetry will deteriorate, and finally vanish.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

The man who would rather be right than President died fifty years ago.

The Greatest Destroyer of Life

IN EVERY country in Europe except one consumption kills more people than any other disease. The one exception is England, where out of every 10,000 deaths, 1100 are caused by consumption and 1150 by bronchitis. In France consumption kills twenty-five per cent. more people than any other disease, and, excepting pneumonia and typhoid fever, nearly sixty per cent. more than any other. In Germany out of 10,000 deaths 1270 are caused by consumption, while the next highest is typhoid fever with 450. In Russia out of 10,000 deaths consumption causes 1060. According to the last census in the United States, out of 872,944 deaths for 1890, consumption caused 102,199, or twenty-five per cent. more than pneumonia, which came next with 76,496.

No statistics of war have such awful meaning as these frightful figures. For years consumption has killed more people than all the conflicts of nations; more than any of the pestilences, more than any of the diseases which attack and destroy human life. And it was not until the present generation began that any doctor dared to assert that consumption could be cured. Certainly in the latter half of this century no profession has made such magnificent strides, such splendid discoveries, or exhibited such skill, self-sacrifice and persistence as the physicians'.

Dr. Alfred Meyer, of New York, in a recent article in the Medical Record, gives a most interesting account of a sanitarium established by the State of Massachusetts for the cure of consumptives. In 1895 the Legislature appointed a Board of five trustees and appropriated $150,000. A site was chosen at Rutland, 1160 feet above the sea, and sheltered by a hill one hundred feet higher. The hospital grounds included two hundred acres of land. The institution was opened in 1898. In the first six months of its existence there were 224 patients, a very large number of whom were improved by an average stay of four months only. At present there are between 150 and 200 patients, male and female. These patients, or the counties sending them, pay five dollars each the week. They live an out-of-door life in the higher altitude, build their winter camps, and manage to have a pretty good time. The temperature of the wards when they sleep indoors is seldom above forty degrees Fahrenheit all winter. According to Doctor Meyer, the consumptive under these circumstances has from twenty-five to thirty-five more chances of getting well than he would have had.

In the New York Legislature this year a bill will be introduced to appropriate $200,000 for the establishment of a similar sanitarium in the Adirondacks. The prediction is made that there will come a time when the States will have their consumptive hospitals just as they do their asylums for the insane, and with results that will be an enormous gain in public health. But private philanthropy is doing even more while the States hesitate to act. In nearly every country of Europe there are institutions of this kind for the rich and the poor, especially in Germany and France, and they are very rapidly increasing.

Japan was one of the first to establish such an enterprise, and it was under the patronage of the Empress. An Italian Countess has recently given to the Italian Hygienic Society all her wealth for a sanitarium for consumptives. In nearly every city of this country there are movements on hand, and in most of them the homes are already in operation. Certainly there could be no nobler way in which the public spirit and generosity of the people could be shown, for it saves human despair, makes life better, brighter and happier, and becomes a source of truest economy in the real wealth and welfare of the world.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Americans *in* Paris

To be an American in Paris is to be one of twenty thousand; it is to be a member of the golf club and keep your clubs at Maison Lantte; it is to be a member of the bicycle set and stop in at Léon's after your spin in the Bois; it is to have your five-o'clock tea when all your friends will come and talk good-natured scandal, but to be a conspicuous American in Paris is quite another thing. You would not care much about the average American; why should you? He is a fluttering creature, with a flower in his buttonhole, and in his heart an absurd determination to find Paris a gay and naughty city. And she—well, the average she looks upon Paris as a place where one can buy two dollar velvet for three francs and sixty centimes the metre

The other afternoon there was a reception in Saint-Gaudens' studio. For a year he has been at work on the equestrian statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman which is to stand at the head of the mall, in Central Park, New York. And at last the statue was finished, and Mr. Saint Gaudens asked his friends to come and see it—and him. There were people with titles and people without titles; there was tea with slices of lemon floating in it, and another kind of tea with cream, and there was almost every one in the "American colony of Paris," from Miss Van Dusen Reed to Mrs. Drexel

As Mr. Saint-Gaudens and I stood talking, an old man—alert in spite of gray hair, gray eyebrows and sunken face—came up and stood facing the erect clay figure on the clay horse.

"Yes," he said, "that's he——"

He turned to a youngish man, with a typical American mustache and an unusually long frock coat, who stood at his elbow, and said:

"Yes, the way he holds his head—his hand, there—that's he——"

Somehow or other every one drew back; I did not know why; it was not until I was drinking my cup of tea (with the absurd lemon in it) that Saint-Gaudens told me the old man was General Sherman's brother—Major Hoyt Sherman—and that the young man in the long frock coat was General Sherman's nephew, Frank C. Sherman I wish I had known. I knew General Sherman in a way; I saw him three days before he died; it would have been something to meet kith and kin of his here in Paris

At the present moment the most talked-about American in Paris is a certain John Paul Jones. You may remember that a long time ago—in fact, one hundred and twenty years ago—he sailed the Bonhomme Richard into a notable sea fight and captured two frigates. (They happened to be English frigates, for in those days there was not quite so much talk about Anglo-Saxon unity.)

After the battle of Manila, when Dewey's name was on every lip, the Government at Washington remembered that other heroic tar, and sent this message to Ambassador Horace Porter, here in Paris: Find out where John Paul Jones is buried.

General Porter thought it would be very simple. All the histories and biographies seemed to be agreed that John Paul Jones was buried in the famous cemetery of Père-Lachaise An investigation of the records of the cemetery disclosed the fact that four Joneses, all Americans, were buried there, but no one of them could be identified with the sea-fighter of the Revolution. It was at this point that Mr. Inman Barnard, the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, was called in. He knows his Paris better than any one of us—better, indeed, than most Parisians. The search for the grave of John Paul Jones began to take on epic proportions. The commissioners of Vieux Paris, dusty old gentlemen who live in the past, and are uncannily learned, were brought into the investigation. They tumbled over ancient documents and followed all sorts of delusive clues, but they could not find that century-old tomb. Fortunately, Mr Barnard bethought him of Albert de Ricaudy. Monsieur de Ricaudy is an old nobleman who has made a special study of those short but glorious years when France and the United States were allies fighting for liberty by land and sea. The history of John Paul Jones was as familiar to him as the way from his pipe-rack to his easy-chair.

Paul Jones died in Paris, July 18, 1792. Two days later he was buried "in the presence of a brilliant assemblage," the old records say. There were only three Americans present, none of them in an official capacity. They were mere passing strangers, only one of whom is known by name—"Griffith, of Philadelphia."

And where was Paul Jones buried?

"Griffith, of Philadelphia," noted the fact that it was in "the little Protestant cemetery." With this as a clue M. de Ricaudy and Mr. Barnard had little difficulty in discovering the site. (There were not many Protestant cemeteries in Paris in those days—days of the "Goddess of Reason," and other quasi-scientific vagaries.) It occupied a little space out beyond the Hospital St. Louis, at the corner of two streets known (picturesquely enough) as the Rue Grange aux Belles and the Rue des Écluses St. Martin. Long ago the little cemetery disappeared. To-day its site is covered with thrifty shops and small dwelling-houses. Beneath one of them, almost at the angle made by the converging streets, lie the remains of the Captain of the Bonhomme Richard, the bravest sailor who ever fought under the Stars and Stripes And this is the news that Ambassador Porter cabled home.

At the American Embassy it is understood that President McKinley wishes to have the remains [illegible] to the United States. Doubtless this is patriotic, but the American Colony in Paris has another plan. If [illegible] it intends to buy the ground, remove the encumbering houses, and create a public square. Over the grave of Paul Jones it would erect a monument—a symbol of the old heroic friendship of the two Republics. Mr Tiffany, Mr. Bennett, Mrs. Bispham, and many other "leaders" in the colony have already joined the movement. In view of the object, the cost would be insignificant. The Paris authorities have intimated that they will gladly second the project. Long ago they named streets after Washington, Franklin and other American heroes. "Paul Jones Square" would be a worthy addition to the list. For my part I think there cannot be too many American monuments in this older part of the world. They are lessons in brotherhood, as well as illustrations of the grandeur of the Republic. You will keep bright the memory of John Paul Jones without the marble memento of a tomb. It would be a finer act—would it not?—an act of stately national courtesy—to let his dust remain in France. His sailormen were French and American; they fought the common foe of the republican idea; in honor of the old allies and the successful alliance I trust that President McKinley will grant the request of the three thousand Americans who live in Paris

Chartran, the painter, who spends four or five months every year in America, sailed the other day for New York. Before leaving he put the finishing touches to two works which will be exhibited at the Exposition next year. One is a new portrait of Leo XIII; the other is a large picture representing the signing of the Peace Protocol, which put an end to the recent war with Spain. This picture was ordered by Mr. H. C. Frick, of Pittsburg, who intends to present it to President McKinley. The cost was $20,000.

The scheme of the picture is simple and strong About a large table, on which are the usual writing materials, is gathered the seven persons who were present at this scene the most important in the history of the last half-century. President McKinley stands resting both hands on the table, watching, with an air at once stern and profound and not unNapoleonic, M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador who represented the Queen Regent of Spain, affix his signature to the document. Near by sits Secretary Day, his hands folded on the table. In the background are Mr. Moore, Mr. Adee Mr. Cridler and M. Thiébaut, First Secretary of the French Embassy. The group is living, real, admirably composed

Chartran's picture is a document—the authentic record of that famous scene. The day after the protocol was signed President McKinley consented to be photographed standing at the table, but nearly twenty persons crowded into this picture—secretaries, Senators, attachés and others

As a matter of fact, the photograph "taken on the spot" is by no means so trustworthy as one might fancy. Yesterday, for example, the correspondent of one of the great New York dailies gave me an opportunity of witnessing one of the fierce little battles of the Anglo-Boer War. It was on some vacant lots alongside the Rue Manin, near the Buttes-Chaumont. There was a small hill, held by the Boers with two heavy guns. There were Scottish Highlanders led by a General on horseback. Of course, all these people were theatrical "supers," and there was a professional stage-manager to direct the battle. At the right instant—just as the wounded General was falling from his horse and the Highlanders were storming the hill—the photographer clicked his shutter He secured a fine series of sensational photographs. You will see them all in a New York newspaper labeled "taken on the spot"

At the Olympia, Loie Fuller in a new dance—what Shakespeare would have called "a gallimaufry of gambols"—and electricity. When Miss Fuller dances you always have the idea that Edison is capering somewhere in the background: she has raised the skirt-dance to the dignity of an illustrated lecture on electricity

Shall you go back to America?" I asked

Some time," she said; "but only for a visit Mother loves Paris, and, then, she is better here."

Miss Fuller's mother has been ill for many years; to-day she is almost entirely paralyzed It was for her that Miss Fuller built that new house—a house that looks like a fragment of New York set down in Paris—in Passy It is a charming little "hôtel," as one says here, with a large garden, and a theatre complete in all its appointments, where Miss Fuller elaborates her dances and devises new methods of making science poetry. *Saltavit et placuit*, said the old tombstone; it should be Miss Fuller's epitaph

When one comes to Paris the proper thing to do is to start a new society. (Some day I shall tell you about the society I have started, its aim is to send half the cab horses of Paris to the hospital and all the drivers to the penitentiary—the brutes! Yesterday I saw a brute beating a lame horse over the head The policeman whom I summoned laughed at me, and the brute went on lashing his dazed horse; never mind, I'll try and stop that sort of business in Paris, and every one of the 20,000 Americans will stand by me.)

Mrs. Henry Jeffries, of Detroit, has started a society which is not at all bad in its way. If your wife buys her gowns here, you know that after you have arranged a price your bill comes in with all sorts of extras.

That, however, was not Mrs. Jeffries' trouble. She paid for a dress that did not fit—perhaps it was not cut on the bias; perhaps the gores were crooked I don't know much about these matters—in any case, Mrs. Jeffries took it into court. Like a brave little woman, she engaged the only woman lawyer in Paris—Mlle. Chauvin. The case was tried—and lost—before a stupid jury of men. The gown was tried on before them; but what could they know of the bias and the gore? And so the society for a tribunal of women to decide on women's questions was started by Mrs. Jeffries.

The workmen have just driven their picks into an old house in the Rue Lafitte. It belongs to one of the Rothschilds, and has been for many years the residence of the Turkish Embassy in Paris. But long ago—ninety years ago—it was the home of Queen Hortense, that pretty, unhappy, foolish Princess who flutters through the dark history of Napoleon. She was his stepdaughter, you remember, and the wife of Louis Bonaparte. After her husband gave up his throne he came to Paris. The Emperor made her an allowance of two million francs a year and established her in the old house in the Rue Lafitte. There she gathered a little court, cultivated flowers, wrote sentimental novels, and composed the music for the Imperial hymn, *Partant pour la Syrie*.

One day she asked Napoleon to build her a new palace. "As soon as peace comes," he said. It was Waterloo that came, and in the old house she danced with the allies who had overthrown Napoleon. All this seems very far away now The old walls are crumbling. In a day or two through the gaping walls the sunlight will stream into the old rooms, and the ghosts will vanish.

—VANCE THOMPSON

THE WILD GOOSE

By Edwin L. Sabin

ATHWART a trackless depth that curves
In God's majestic lines,
We wing a course that never swerves
For man or man's designs.
No need have we for chart by day,
Or compass rude by night—
A Mind that made us gives us way,
And guides our steady flight.

The buildings of a million hands
Lie grov'ling far below;
Created at proud man's commands,
Whose lust, as well, we know
Be his the earth. Be ours the blue
That veils eternity,
From whence beneath our pinions true
His sprawling home we see

Be ours a frozen South and North
Unmarred by tread or word,
Where naught of mildness issues forth,
Nor human voice is heard.
And ours the secrets of the green
That cloaks the wide morass,
Where 'neath a tropic sun we preen
'Mid wastes of sedgy grass

From zone to zone, from goal to goal,
Within a day we fly.
Our limits stretch from pole to pole—
Our path the boundless sky.
And when to glut your appetites
We yield our bodies, slain,
Know well we've seen a thousand sights
For which *you* long in vain

The Making of a Railroad Man

The General Manager's Views

By J. T. Harahan, General Manager of the Illinois Central Railroad

THE men who will step into the higher executive positions of the railway service will have a different training from that of the veterans preceding them To-day comparatively few of the Superintendents, General Superintendents and General Managers of railways have come from the technical schools. Their training has been practical, not theoretical, and their knowledge of the scientific principles governing the construction, maintenance and operation of railroads has been gained by hard knocks. They know that certain things must be done in a given manner to secure a certain result; but only a small proportion of them are able to go deep down to the scientific basis of the problem and give a clear analysis of the whys and wherefores of the question. It is in this respect that I see the signs of a decided change in the processes which go into "the making of a railroad man"

The time will never come when a man will be able to step in a high position in the operating branch of a railway and discharge the duties of such a position in a manner to deserve the praise signified in the phrase "a good railroad man" without having a clear, practical and first-hand knowledge of the details of railroad work from its fundamentals to its most complicated processes. He must be practical at every step, and that implies that he must work up from the bottom and himself take the steps in which he is to direct others From the standpoint of the railway executive nothing can take the place of experience. Of that we may rest assured The General Manager who does not know the actual process of so seemingly small a matter as tamping a tie is likely sooner or later to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the section hand or the boss of the construction gang

On the other hand, there is nothing so practical as real science which goes down into principles and causes. The whole tendency of the present is to master fundamental principles, to learn why and how certain causes produce certain results. It is no longer sufficient for the executive man engaged in railway work, more than in any other line of human effort, to know that doing something in a given manner will give a desired effect. He must be master of the principles of the operation or he is liable to serious mistakes and is handicapped at every turn.

Therefore, in my opinion, the men who are to be the future executives of the operating, as distinguished from the financial, branch of railroading will stand on the foundation of a thorough scientific or technical training. And they will be the more practical for that kind of schooling, provided that they do not attempt to jump over the hard, practical details of what may seem to them the humble and possibly vulgar parts of railroading

If I were hard pushed for a definite statement of my ideas of the steps a young man should take to become the General Manager of a railroad I should certainly reply by going a little into the field of personality. I take it that a man will carefully consider anything which vitally relates to so important a matter as the life career of his own son; and it happens that I have a son whom I hope to see in the position of General Manager of a railroad. This circumstance brought home to me, in the most serious and personal manner possible, the question just proposed, and I answered it by sending the young man, after he had obtained a good general education, to a first-class technical school. When he was graduated from this institution he was well grounded in the theory of mechanical and civil engineering. Of course it might have seemed pleasanter to him to have at once stepped into a position of some little dignity and responsibility. But a genuine railroad man is not made by high jumps, particularly at the beginning of his career. He joined a surveying party in the humblest capacity and "carried chain" for many months. When fitted by experience for his first promotion he was given a transit and the other surveying instruments, and took a more responsible part in laying out a new line of railroad. Before this experience was over he knew something about how the roadbed of a railway is planned and constructed

Then, for the sake of broadening his experience, he was transferred to the shops. There he put on a mechanic's apron, was assigned a lathe and bench, and gradually learned, by hard and honest labor, the practical side of locomotive and car construction. All this time he was being brought into constant contact with the working force of the road—the surveyors, the navvies of the gravel train, the bridge builders, the section-hands, the conductors, engineers and firemen, the machinists and the mechanics in every department of car and locomotive building. With many of these he naturally and inevitably established associations of fellowship which gave him a close insight into their lives and enabled him to see the problem from their viewpoint. After a protracted experience in the shops he was offered a position as Road Master in the service of an Eastern line. Here was his opportunity to bring into play a new faculty—that of getting others to do things, and to do them in accordance with his ideas as expressed in orders and suggestions

He won the confidence and approval of his employers in his first executive position. I knew that he was well grounded in the technical knowledge of his calling, that he had seasoned this theoretical knowledge by practical experience and hard work in the fundamental lines of the business, and I hired him as a Division Superintendent, as I would have hired any other young man of whom I knew the same things. This statement will, at least to a degree, answer the question of how I would start a young man on the road to become a General Manager

Probably a very large proportion of the men to-day holding positions as General Managers of railroads will be compelled to share with me a regret that circumstances did not permit them to lay the basis of a sound technical education before entering the sterner school of experience in the actual service. Certainly I have felt such a regret very forcibly; my own training was wholly and severely practical, and in that particular is probably not different from the experience of most men holding similar positions.

The beginning of the Civil War found me in a very humble position in a freight office. I enlisted in the ranks for three years, and when that term was over I entered the Government railway service in Virginia. In those days the ordinary life of a railroad man was exposed to ten perils where it is today threatened by one, but the operating of trains in a country infested by Mosby's famous guerrillas was many times more hazardous than that of railroading in times of peace.

J. T. HARAHAN

A portion of the time I was in charge of the yards on the old Orange and Alexandria line, but was frequently called upon to perform the duties of an engineer in taking out trains loaded with Government supplies. It was a hard but effective seasoning in the development of what may be called railroad courage, for every time I pulled the throttle in those days I faced the likelihood that I should be tumbled with my engine into the ditch and shot by Mosby's guerrillas—if, indeed, I failed to be instantly killed in the overthrow. Time and again, with my fireman, I was compelled to lie down in the bottom of the cab or the tender to escape the shower of bullets which pattered against the train

Then those fellows had a way of doing things at the last moment in a manner which upset all precautions and made it almost impossible to change the program to meet emergencies. One particularly exasperating practice to which they resorted was that of drawing the spikes and bolts from a rail so that it was entirely free, but still leaving it in place. In the bolt holes at each end they would fasten telegraph wires running back to their ambush in the woods beside the road From the cab window it was impossible to discern the fact that the track had been tampered with, and just a moment before the drivers were on the loose rail the latter would suddenly and mysteriously move out to one side and the train be hopelessly ditched, while rifle balls from the guns of an unseen foe spattered about the wreck Operating trains in the face of perils of this kind could not fail to give me a keen and lasting sympathy with the engineer who feels that there is danger ahead and does not like to take desperate chances. At the same time those experiences bring forcibly to me the fact that railroading with all the modern safeguards by which the running of trains is governed is far safer than it was even twenty years ago, and that, in fact, it is not more perilous than many other vocations not thought to be especially dangerous. This observation is fully substantiated by reliable statistics. The young man who hesitates to go into the railway service because of its peculiar danger is not well informed on the subject

Arguments which he can substantiate by reference to his own experience are those which come most naturally to a man whose duties are wholly practical and unargumentative, as are those of a railway manager In laying down the principle that the young railroad man who is determined to push his way into an executive position of importance must improve every opportunity to broaden his knowledge of details and never count the cost to his own inconvenience, I may be pardoned for emphasizing the point by reference to my promotion to a position of that character

I was then Road Master of a certain road, and in that capacity had, of course, nothing whatever to do with the traffic of the line in an official sense—the duties of a Road Master being confined to the care of the roadbed and tracks.

As I was constantly traveling over the line I met many of its patrons in the various towns and cities. These told me their grievances against the road, and nearly all of the complaints related to the traffic department. On these trips I often came in contact with the head officer of the entire system and we spent many hours discussing the affairs of the line. In these conversations he learned that I had picked up considerable information regarding traffic matters. The fact that I had voluntarily gone out of the way to learn something I was not obliged to know in order to retain my position, or to discharge its duties, impressed him more than I knew at the time

In the course of events I was one day greatly surprised to receive from the general offices of the company a telegram asking me if I would accept the position of General Manager of the line. Later I learned that the one particular thing in my work which had attracted the attention of the chief officials of the company, and turned the tables in my favor, was the fact that I had gone outside the routine of my duties to serve the interests of the road in a broad way. I have no doubt that scores of other railway officials have had similar experiences and have won promotion in a like manner.

It is to be taken for granted that no man will be advanced to a responsible and important railway position without displaying in reasonable measure that capacity for practical affairs commonly called executive ability; but there are special qualities which seem to me very essential for this service. The man who does not possess them has not in him the making of a good railroad man

The first of these endowments is a natural and inherent tendency to do full justice to the humblest as well as most influential person with whom, as an official, he is brought into relationship. He should have the courage to dig to the bottom of every problem, complaint or contention, and, having determined in his own mind the right or the wrong of the matter, nothing should deter him from making a settlement on the lines of exact justice. In no other way can the General Manager of a railroad build up a proper spirit among the men under him. If he cannot inspire in his men of all ranks the knowledge that they will be treated fairly and squarely in every matter that comes to his attention he should set himself down as a failure. And the fact that all who work under his supervision know that he is ready to treat them with justice will act as a safeguard to the interests of the company, for the reason that any man who suffers arbitrary or unfair treatment at the hands of another, even from one directly over him, will promptly appeal his case to the General Manager in whose fair dealing he has confidence And, on the other hand, the minor officials will, under these conditions, take good care to treat their men rightly, knowing that a fireman with a just cause has a better show with the general management than a Division Superintendent with a weak case. It is simply the wisdom of right

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of practical papers on The Making of a Railroad Man. President Kendall of the Santa Fe, will give the President's views in an early number

It may be urged that this disposition to mete out justice without regard to rank is essential to the manager of any business. So it is; but it applies particularly to railroad affairs, for the reason that the service is complex and includes men of widely varied classes. The man in greasy overalls naturally feels a very strong reluctance to "go over the carpet" and face the Train Master, Road Master or Division Superintendent with a contention which may be very disagreeable to any of these men in authority over him. And he will not voluntarily take such a step unless he is sure of his ground and knows that he will be sustained if he is in the right, and also that he will be protected from annoyance, persecution or hardship as a consequence of having carried his cause to the higher court of appeal.

That he should have this feeling is most important. The nature of the railroad business is such that the humblest man concerned in the operating of trains is in too responsible a position to be ignored by any official, and he is entitled to a fair and respectful hearing at the hands of any superior and at any time. His complaint may bring to the knowledge of the management some vital weakness in the administrative system which may prove of the utmost importance.

Decision is another imperative quality for the higher positions of the railroad service. A very large proportion of the matters brought to the attention of the General Manager of a railroad must be disposed of almost instantly. This is especially true of the problems which arise in the operating branch of the service. There the incentive to "beat time" is ever present.

The spirit of railroading is expressed in one word: rush Broadly speaking, its affairs must move swiftly and admit of no delay. There is seldom time for a General Manager to deliberate over a decision, and if he lacks the capacity to arrive habitually at prompt decisions he is out of touch with the spirit of his surroundings, and liable to fatal error by reason of his weakness.

The ability to judge of human nature with fair accuracy is another important qualification with which the successful railway official must be endowed. Perhaps more frequently in this than in any other business the executive is forced to determine his course in matters of great moment by his impression of the man whom he is to intrust with responsibility.

In attempting to gain an insight into railroad work it is necessary always to hold in mind the fact that the safety of the public is dependent at a hundred points on the reliability and judgment of men in humble positions. The section hand who spikes the rails, the switchers, the operators at lonesome and inconsequential "jerk-water" stations, and the whole rank and file of yardmen, trainmen and operators hold in their hands, every hour they are on duty, the safety of thousands of travelers.

In spite of the fact that an elaborate operating system has been devised and hundreds of so-called automatic safeguards have been adopted, to the end of making the operation of trains as nearly automatic as possible, it is still true that only the unremitting exercise of what may be termed good railroad judgment has succeeded in reducing the number of railroad accidents to the remarkable minimum now attained. And by whom is this railroad judgment exercised to the constant prevention of accidents and calamities? Mainly by men in greasy overalls! Only a few of them, comparatively speaking, can indulge the luxury of store clothes while about their work. In most businesses the employer does not feel that he must select his "hands" or laborers with a special view to their native judgment, decision and resourcefulness in times of emergency, knowing that a lack of these qualities on the part of a very humble servant is not likely to result in the injury or death of many persons. But this likelihood must be considered in employing almost every man on the pay-roll of the operating department of a railroad. For this reason a shrewd and ready judgment of human nature is a cardinal requisite in any man holding a position of authority in the railway service. He must be able to "size up" a man and make no mistake about it—otherwise the selection of a switchman or some other fellow of humble rank is likely to cost the road serious disaster. There is not a day in which the General Manager is not called upon to exercise this faculty, but mainly in the choice and management of men in positions of higher rank. In fact, he comes to feel it the main part of the business, and every problem seems to resolve itself into the question: "Have I made a mistake in this man?" There is only one kind of advice to be given on this point. Form your judgments carefully, keep close watch of your men, and always stand by those selections which have been justified by observation and experience.

When in the service of another railroad I had a subordinate official who had many and peculiar obstacles to contend with in his department. I was fully satisfied that he was doing all in the power of any human being, under the circumstances. But my superior did not agree with me. He said the man's department was not producing what it should, and repeatedly suggested that a change should be made. I pointed out the probability that a new man would do worse, and finally told my superior that I would discharge the man only on a direct and written order which would take the matter wholly out of my hands. In short, I refused to multify my judgment of the official in question. He had my confidence, and I declined to make my acts say that he did not. Not long after this I was given a better position in the employ of another road, and one of my first acts was to offer the man who had been such a bone of contention the same position with the company to which I had just gone that he had held in the one I had left. What was the result? The man scored a splendid success, showing clearly that insurmountable conditions and not his lack of ability had before been responsible for the unsatisfactory showing of his department. Few incidents in my experience have interested me more than this, for it involved a most vital and interesting study—the test of the estimate I had placed on the ability of a man to perform well a certain line of railway work.

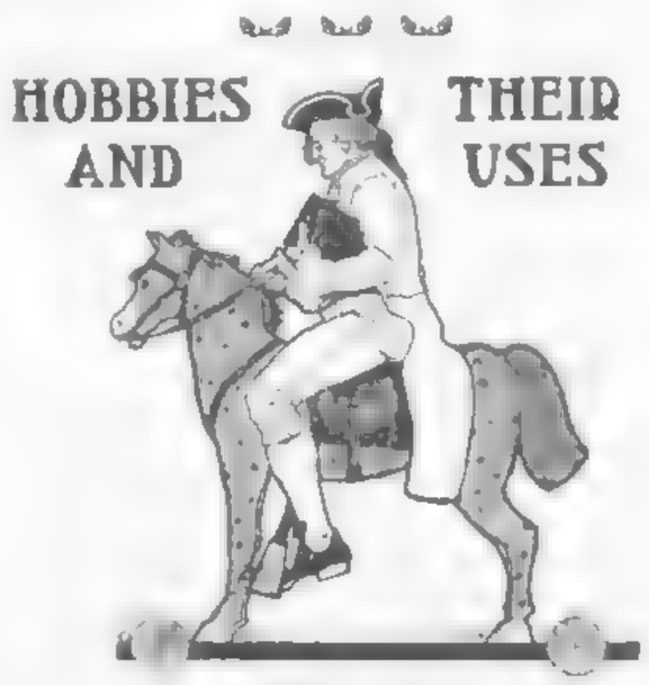
The most condensed schedule of the mental qualifications which are demanded of the General Manager of a railroad would be manifestly inadequate without reference to the knack of turning quickly and completely from one subject to another of radically different character. All the energies of his mind must be switched absolutely and instantly from one field of railway activity to another, and the range of this field is very great.

One moment he is engaged in estimating the productive resources of a certain locality, with a view to expending many thousands of dollars in extending the line into that region or altering the service already in operation there. He weighs the effect this must have on other cities and districts and on the earning capacity of the road. As the men interested in this problem pass out of his door an inventor is ushered in. He presents a new appliance which may be of the greatest possible value to the road. More likely, however, it is worthless and impracticable; but the possibility that it is the thing for which the railroad world has long been looking makes it necessary to give it serious consideration

Possibly the line of demarcation between the practical and impracticable is obscure, and the decision upon its merits involves many complicated considerations. The General Manager must then call into action of the most intense kind a wholly different set of faculties, so to speak, from those employed the moment before in figuring on the proposed extension of the road

A few moments later the General Superintendent comes in with a labor problem on his hands, and once more there is a complete shift of the whole mental machinery. He is followed by the other members of the General Manager's cabinet—the Chief Engineer, the Traffic Manager and the Superintendent of Machinery. And so it goes, from one extreme to another, and the General Manager who cannot keep pace with this ceaseless and radical change of problems does not come up to the demands of his position. If his heart is not wholly in his work, and if he is not gifted with that rare talent for practical affairs generally termed executive ability, he will find the work killing. His safety, even if he has a generous share of this gift, is in the ability to shut off work as quickly and as effectively as the locomotive engineer shuts off his steam

The General Manager who takes his work home with him and carries his problems to his chamber cannot last long The strain is bound to be too intense and the opportunity for recuperation too small to keep the pace going One of the most vital and imperative rules of a General Manager's life, therefore, should be to leave his work at his office



By William Mathews

ONE of the great secrets of worldly happiness is to have a keen and abiding interest in some other thing than the calling by which we gain our daily bread—In other words, to have a hobby. As a means of recreation we need to be interested in some other subject than that which is forced upon us by circumstances or the requirements of professional life. But a hobby, to which the mind springs the moment the pressure of our customary work is removed, is more than a recreation; it is a preservative of the mind It is an antidote to world-weariness—to that sadness of the heart and countenance, those doubts whether the play be worth the candle, which oppress every worker at times; in short, it saves the man who has it from that oppressive sense of the sameness of life, "that awful yawn which sleep cannot abate"—*ennui*.

In nothing are the idiosyncrasies of men more distinctly revealed than in their hobbies. A large, amusing and instructive volume might be written on the hobby horses which men have ridden in different ages and countries. Of the strange tastes of collectors, especially, there is no end As in our day there is a mania for old china, armor, brasses and bronzes, bric à brac, coins, cameos, postage stamps, and first editions of books, so in former days there have been crazes for hats, caps, wigs, snuff boxes, walking-sticks and buttons. Frederick the Great had a collection of 1500 snuff boxes. Lablache, the great singer, made snuff boxes his hobby. His delight was to surround himself with *tabatières* of every material, size, form and variety. He accumulated in his professional career hundreds of these receptacles of the titillating dust, bearing imperial, royal, princely, ducal, literary and lady-fair effigies, brilliant in diamond, pearl, malachite or lapis lazuli. Having received gold snuff boxes from all the courts of Europe, he was led to become a passionate collector, and at all the public sales had agents instructed to buy the finest and most rare

There is no accounting for tastes, else we might wonder that a man, unless an entomologist, should spend his time and money in gathering bugs; yet we have heard of a man who had a collection of 30,000 bugs, of all sizes, and from many countries. An Englishman is said to have had a collection of ropes with which certain celebrated criminals had been hanged. One of these cords was that with which Sir Thomas Blount was executed in the reign of Henry the Fourth. A Dutchman, who had a mania for walking sticks, M. Henri de Meer, is said to have attracted attention to his unique collection by going mad and dying with a walking stick in each hand

In the Hôtel Cluny, at Paris, there is a collection of old boots, where one can study the changes in the cobbler's art since the days of Noah. Another collection of boots, and also of shoes and slippers, is said to be possessed by an Englishman, Mr. Roach Smith Besides specimens of every age, from the boots of a bishop in A. D. 721, he has the shoes of most of the beauties of the court of Charles II, and there is an entire compartment devoted to some of the shoes crowned by the Société des Petits Pieds (the Small Foot Society) over which the member with the smallest foot presided till displaced by a competitor. Paris probably surpasses every other city in its collections of queer and rare objects. One of the most remarkable is Mme. de Saint Albin's collection of garters. On many of these are mottoes, and many are set with jewels. There are Parisians who are mad on brushes, pipes, forks, gloves, and even babies' caps Among the most curious contributions to the history of tastes and manners are collections of buttons. In the eighteenth century they were sometimes painted in miniature and set with the costliest jewels. Not less extravagance was shown in waistcoats. An exquisite of the first water was then an improving study for both the sempstress or embroiderer and the scene-painter. One man of fashion might be seen with the amours of Mars and Venus on his stomach, and another with a cavalry review.

A pleasant but costly hobby is that of the picture fancier. He is profoundly impressed by the glories of art, is learned in oils and varnishes, and descants by the hour on the mysterious gloom of Rembrandt, the color of Titian, the savageness of Salvator Rosa, and "the correggiosity of Correggio He rises with a Ruysdael confronting him on the opposite wall, breakfasts with Berstadt, dines with Hobbima, of whom "an undoubted original" hangs over the mantel, sups with Wouverman, and dreams all night of Poussin and Claude Lorrain. He haunts the shops of the picture dealers, and hangs about the auction rooms, where he nods his head at the cost of a hundred dollars a nod

Coin collecting is a favorite diversion of not a few men, some of whom will pay fabulous prices for pieces of small intrinsic value. Not long ago a Queen Anne English farthing, dated 1713, was sold at Christie's, in London, for £28 10s. A silver penny of William the Conqueror sold some time ago for £22, a Stephen and Matilda penny for £33, and a golden penny of the thirteenth century realized at the Montagu sale not less than £250, or about $1250. An American silver dollar of 1804 is reported to have been sold by auction for the sum of $1900!

One of the most charming hobbies for which a man can spend time and money is that of the rose fancier. Mr. Bohn, the late London publisher, had in his garden, just out of that metropolis, 1500 distinct varieties of roses, for many of which he had sent to the farthest corners of the globe and paid fabulous sums. A friend of the writer, who visited him at his suburban home, learned that for a single rose tree he had paid $250. At Newcastle-upon Tyne, in England, there lived some years ago a "hewer" who had a passion for cultivating flowers, and who, though earning less than twenty shillings a week, had competed successfully for prizes at flower shows for thirty six years. In 1871, at a flower show near that town, fifty out of fifty four prizes were awarded to him; and in 1872 he carried away forty nine out of fifty-four.

The favorite hobby of the greatest number of persons bitten with one of these innocent manias is book collecting Whether bibliognosts, bibliomaniacs, bibliophiles, or bibliotaphes, they are learned in title pages and editions, presses and places of publication, and gloat over the possession of a rare old work—such as the first edition of a famous old author, or some *editio princeps*, with the dolphin and anchor of Aldus, or some exquisite Grolier—as a miser over his coin. A genuine bibliomaniac will spend all his ready cash in adding to the piles of unread books under which his shelves are groaning, fresh volumes of which he can never know more than the title-pages.

Hardly less prevalent than bibliomania is the craze for autographs. The man who rides this hobby treasures scraps of paper, old letters, fly-leaves torn from books, and franked envelopes as if they were notes of the Bank of England

Well, "*chacun à son goût*" "Blessed," said Lord Brougham, "is the man that hath a hobby," and he spoke authoritatively, for he kept a whole stableful If, like that prince of book-scouts, "snuffy Davie," whom Mr. Burton, in his "Book-Hunter," celebrates, he can discover and buy for twopence at a bookstall a Caxton which he will afterward sell for £200, or, like Parison, King of the French bouquineurs, sell for 1500 francs a copy of Plantin's Cæsar which he bought for nineteen sous, he will find his hobby-riding a source both of innocent pleasure and of extraordinary profit.

Driving Single Horses and Pairs

By A. H. Godfrey

SHOW me a boy whose eyes sparkle at sight of a spirited horse, who instantly responds when invited to take the reins, and I'll warrant he shall grow to be a manly youth, self reliant, kind to dumb animals, considerate of his fellows, successful at most things he undertakes, and, throughout his career, more likely to govern than to be governed.

[illegible] or play at marbles [illegible] toy horse, and from that to the house-dog and the goat, are but natural steps leading to greater things. He will put the finishing touches to his juvenile apprenticeship by handling in turn a donkey and a Shetland pony.

Having reached this stage, he will never rest satisfied until he holds the ribbons over a well-bred, high-stepping cob. This is the critical period of the youth's education in the matter of horsemanship. It is astonishing how changed the situation appears from the high perch of a dog cart. His experience will probably be about as follows:

THE NOVICE'S FIRST TURN

A friend will invite him to take a ride in order to show off the manners, speed and action of his horse. While securely seated on the lower cushion of the vehicle the novice will extol the beauties of his friend's horse and enjoy the exhilarating drive, all of which will give infinite pleasure to the driver and lead him to suppose that his guest is something of a horseman. Suddenly the driver pulls up in front of some residence at which he desires to make a call, and, throwing the reins carelessly into the hands of his guest, will politely request him to "hold the horse a minute." The novice is so taken by surprise that he can only force a ghastly smile as, gingerly picking up the reins, he realizes that he is left alone in his glory—and in charge of a strange horse. He [illegible] new position, however, and deeming the opportunity a good one to show off his skill, at once determines to give the horse a turn or two up and down the road—just to get his hand in.

This is where the fun commences. The moment the horse feels a new touch on the reins he proceeds to take advantage of it by suddenly stretching his neck and almost jerking the reins out of the novice's hands. Then the horse bends his neck and glances back at his new driver, and the latter at once begins to get nervous. Unconsciously he communicates this nervous feeling to the horse, and what is still more perplexing is the fact that the driver very well knows that the horse thoroughly understands that there is a novice in charge of him. The horse moves in order to change its weight from one foot to another, and again pulls on the reins so that they hang slack. The youth in charge is then fearful that the animal is about to run away, and in a frantic tone calls out "Whoa!" which the horse misinterprets to mean "Go on," and forthwith starts.

Fig. 2

SAVED FROM A RUNAWAY

The novice gives what he considers a slight pull on the reins, but, as a matter of fact, jabs the horse in the mouth severely, and up goes the animal on its hind legs, the youth, meanwhile, getting into a "blue funk" and calculating the distance from the footboard to the ground. All the while he unconsciously keeps a tight grip on the reins. The festive steed paws the air, and the now thoroughly scared driver is just on the point of jumping out of the trap to save his precious neck when the cheery voice of his friend comes down the path. At the sound the youth instinctively slackens the reins and the horse drops on all fours as quiet as a mouse. The novice breathes more freely but is silent, and, as with a sigh of relief he surrenders the reins to the accomplished driver, he realizes that though at golf or football he may be a brilliant success, as a horseman he is a miserable failure, and all for the want of a little practice and—nerve.

HOW TO MAKE A PROPER START

It is not at all difficult to drive and control mettlesome horses provided they have been properly trained and are correctly harnessed in the modern style. To those of my young readers who may need advice preparatory to taking a course of lessons from an experienced teacher of driving the following information and diagrams may prove useful. After carefully studying these instructions any intelligent youth can gain a good groundwork in the art of driving if he will take first a well-mannered cob, and later a pair of quiet horses, and practice driving them on a country road where there is not much traffic, and endeavor to master the turnings and movements as herein laid down. Thus he will gain confidence, and then, with a few lessons from an experienced teacher, can soon graduate as competent to handle spirited horses on the popular driveways.

Fig. 3

As the harness is a study of itself, appealing more particularly to the finished driver, the beginner need not trouble himself about it before taking his first lessons. From the diagram (Figure 6) he will, however, be able to locate and name the parts.

MOUNTING TO THE DRIVING CUSHION

Before mounting to his seat on a carriage the youth who essays to drive a high stepping horse should look carefully over the several points of his horse's harness to see that nothing is loose or unsafe, and then, standing near the horse's left shoulder, he should take the hand pieces of the reins from the terrets, place them in the left hand, the near or left rein on top of the first finger, and the off or right rein between the second and third fingers. He will then move toward the carriage, letting the reins slip through his fingers until sufficient slack is out. Then, reaching up with his right hand, he will grasp the metal rail or leather-covered loop on the cushion frame, then, with the left hand lightly grasping the rail of the dashboard, he will put his right foot on the step and spring lightly into the vehicle, being careful not to strike the varnished side of the carriage with the left foot. Sit down at once and "feel" the horse's mouth with the reins to give him confidence. Then, if he stands quietly, rise up again, take the rug or apron which hangs over the dashboard or lies neatly folded over the back of the seat and, lifting the reins high, spread the material and wrap it neatly about your waist, sitting down quickly on the folds. Assume an easy but erect position—knees together and legs slightly bent, feet firmly placed on the footboard.

Fig. 6

1—Lower Bar of Bit. 2—Middle Bar of Bit. 3—Mark of Bit on Rein. [illegible]

When firmly seated, lean forward and with the right hand take the whip from the socket and hold it poised on the third finger, and lightly supported by the first finger and thumb, at the angle shown in Figure 1.

STEADY YOUR HORSE AT THE START

[illegible]

Fig. 4

whip hand on the reins slightly in front of your left, catching the off rein under your little finger and pulling it aside, as in Figure 4. At the same time allow your left hand to come forward slightly, so that there will be an equal pull on each rein. Give way to the horse as he starts so that he can extend his neck and move his shoulders freely. If necessary, retain the position (Figure 4) until you are well out on the road and clear of obstacles. The horse needs the support until he sets a moderate pace and has got used to his harness and the weight behind him. This position should also be taken whenever threading a way along crowded thoroughfares. Another good position for the hands in cases of this kind, or after applying the whip sharply, is that shown in Figure 5. But the older style, as per Figure 4, is perhaps preferable.

HOW TO AVOID BAD FORM

A skilful driver will generally carry his reins in the left hand, as in Figure 2 and Figure 3, and by inclining his hand, thumb up, toward the body, will keep his horse under control. This leaves his whip hand free to drop the thong on the horse's flank without giving an indication by the reins. This position also leaves the right hand free to use the whip as a signal before turning, stopping, etc. If the hands are carried opposite the waistband, the elbows close to the hips, and the reins tight enough just to "feel" the bit, a horse can always be "held hard," turned to the right or left, or brought to the "dead stop," without it being necessary for the driver to lean back in his seat—a most ludicrous position and very bad form. It is also bad form to stretch out the arms until the hands are over the dashboard, or to raise the hands until they are level with the chin. The principle is to maintain an easy yet somewhat statue-like position, and let all the manipulations of the reins be carried on so that the hands never seem to move. Fiddling and fussing with reins is exceedingly offensive.

HOW TO START A PAIR

Before asking a pair to start note how the coupling reins act, on your drawing upon them to get the horses' heads together. If of correct length and the bits draw about alike, then, with the reins carried in your left hand as already described (Figures 2 and 3), ask for a start by dropping your left hand and "clucking" to your horses. As they go into their collars, lightly flick both horses' flanks with your thong, then immediately steady them by dropping your whip hand across the off rein, as shown in Figure 4. This will have a tendency to veer them a little to the right and so turn the fore carriage that the start will be easier than if the horses took a dead pull straight forward. Of course, if close to the curbstone on the right, then you would naturally put the strain on the near or left rein, which would veer the horses to the left. You must get them both up to their collars evenly, touching with your whip the lagging horse, but never let either of them jump forward or you may break a trace. It is very bad form to allow anything to happen that is liable to jostle your passengers. For this reason, always slow down, using right hand, as in Figure 5, when going over rough or uneven spots, cobblestones, or over bridges, etc., which give forth a rattling or rumbling noise. With thick rubber or pneumatic tires on the wheels such precautions are not so necessary. Whether at the walk or trot keep your horses moving in unison so that the alternate traces are pulled at even tension and the collars move alike. On no account allow your horses to spread away from each other, and, in coupling, their heads should incline rather inward than outward. Their action will then be machine like, and the pair will guide easier and surer than one horse. It may be necessary to alter the coupling reins to effect this result.

Fig. 5

SUIT YOUR PACE TO YOUR WORK

In driving one horse or a pair the pace must be regulated according to the distance to be traveled, the weight of the vehicle, the condition of the roads, the crowded condition of the path, and the wishes of yourself and passengers. In densely thronged streets progress will necessarily be slow—the pace cannot well exceed four or five miles an hour—but as horses used for this purpose have to start and stop frequently on smooth asphalt or greasy stone [illegible] ements, and wind in and out of the maze, [illegible] corners, and are generally bitted up to show a deal of stylish action, they do not last so long as horses used at a faster pace in the suburbs. They should, therefore, be saved as much as possible by their drivers. In the parks where you drive a horse at a seven or eight mile an hour gait, over a smooth and well-nigh perfect macadamized boulevard, the horse moves with greater freedom and therefore pulls his load easier, and lasts much longer.

When necessary to turn sharply to the right, either toward the curbstone or along a cross street, first gather your horse by dropping the whip hand over the left, and slightly in front of it, the little finger of the right hand on the off rein, and the near rein between the second and third fingers, as shown in Figure 7, or both reins divided by the three fingers of the right hand, the first finger on top of the near rein.

THE ETIQUETTE OF TURNING

As your horse slows down lift your right hand and twirl your whip thong in a circle over your head, and to the right, as a signal to coachmen following in your wake that you are about to turn. Then drop your whip hand again over the left, and let the little finger of your right hand pick up the near rein, as in Figure 7. As the horse responds and veers to the right, steady him on the near side by inclining your left hand, thumb up, toward your body. You can also let the first finger of your right hand press upon the near rein.

As the horse finishes the turn, and just before he gets at right angles to the avenue he has left, let go the right rein and drop your left hand gently, and the horse will straighten out and fall again into his regular pace.

Fig. 7

If you are driving double, signal with your whip to the right as already described, then steady and gather your horses (Figure 5), and when your off front wheel is about opposite the corner of the curbstone, let your right hand drop across the off rein (Figure 7). Support both horses by turning your left hand, thumb up, toward your body, touch the flank of the near or outside horse with your whip and ease on his rein to allow him to respond. Be particular, however, that the off or inside horse is pulling on his traces, and does not veer away when the outside horse pushes against the pole. Then steady all with right hand in front of left (Figure 5) as the pair resume their regular pace. Never make a turn too quickly, and always see that your off or inside horse is working well, for he must pull the vehicle while the near or outside horse runs up into his collar. Remember that the inside horse is not a pivot around which the carriage is to be dragged by the outside horse. You must be prepared to give either horse sharp support from the reins, and avoid forcing them to cross their front legs in an endeavor to

make the turn as quickly as your indications on the bit seem to them to require

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF MISHAP

If a horse falls in turning, do not leave your seat if there is a possibility of another person running to the horse's head and holding it down to stop his struggling. If you must get down, then endeavor to quiet the standing horse, pull him short and make his rein fast in the clock clip or at whip-stock, and jump for the fallen horse's head, holding it until another person relieves you. Then unhitch the standing horse and walk him clear of the other. Unbuckle the fallen horse's pole-piece and traces and let him rise. Then pet him so as to allay his fright. If the ground is slippery, before you ask him to rise spread a blanket under his feet so that he has a purchase in making his effort. Horses often slip and get down on their knees while in harness, but if they have good hind action and put their hind legs well forward under their bodies they will generally be able to recover and thus save an accident

In turning to the left, as before, first gather your horse by dropping the right hand in front of the left (Figure 5); next, as the horse slows down lift your right hand, and twirl your whip thong in a circle to the left over your head; then drop your right hand as before, but this time lift the near rein between the first and second fingers of your right hand, as in Figure 8, and lower your left hand just a trifle. As the horse responds, turn your left hand, little finger down, toward your body, and at the same time let your right hand rest lightly on the off rein. This will steady the horse and support him on the turn. Just before he heads sharply to the left, release the near rein, and, as he resumes his regular pace, raise your left hand to "position" (Figure 2). Remember that in turning one horse the entire balance of a two-wheeled vehicle depends upon the horse's hind legs, and he must be given time to step correctly and in proper order, or down he will go, and you will be pitched out of the trap.

WHERE MOST CARE IS NEEDED

Similarly with a pair, signal with your whip to the left, then steady and gather your horses as shown in Figure 5, and when your near front wheel is about on a line with the corner of the curbstone, lift the near rein (Figure 8) and loop it under the thumb of the left hand, at the same time turning your left hand, little finger in, toward your body. Touch the near or inside horse with the whip, and then touch the off or outside horse, steadying both as they come around, if necessary, by dropping the right hand over the lines, as in Figure 5. See that the near or inside horse is pulling the carriage, and does not swerve away from the pole as the right or off horse pushes against it. Just as the horses are getting on a straight line, release the loop, which will have a tendency to straighten the pair out and allow them to settle down to their regular pace. On turning to the left with a pair extra care must be used, as on this turn the whip hand is generally kept free and the thong used more than when turning to the right. In finishing the turn never urge the inside horse on until the outside horse is well up into his collar.

Fig. 9

THE BEGINNER'S ESPECIAL DREAD

In backing horses it is always best to hold the reins as in Figure 4, so that an equal tension can be maintained on the bits and the horses made to step back on a straight line. In the case of a single horse its head should be kept straight, not hauled from side to side. In backing a pair, as you call "Back" touch each horse on the shoulder with the thong so as to keep their bodies parallel to the pole. Avoid backing them up too quickly, especially in narrow spaces, or where other horses are liable to be touched by the back of your carriage. In drawing up to a curbstone or to a house on the left, if it is found necessary to back up in front of another carriage, first point your horses to the left, back them until your hind wheels are almost in the spot where you wish the carriage to stand, then point your horses to the right until they face directly across the road, then back them until your near front wheel almost touches the curbstone, then point them to the left and parallel to the curbstone touch each on the flank with your whip to get them together, and halt them with the word "Whoa!" Keep your right hand on the reins, then, as they stand and champ on their bits, let your left hand only hold the reins "in position" (Figure 2. Sit erect. Let your whip hand move to the right and rest the whip handle on the right knee, the whip being held in the fingers, as in Figure 1.

THE DEAD STOP

On a sudden halt being necessary the driver, whose hands would naturally be carried as in Figure 5, or, if the old style is adhered to, as in Figure 4, will immediately carry his reins "in position" (Figure 2) and shorten the reins by pulling them with the right hand through the fingers of the left, as in Figure 9; then pass the right hand quickly to the front, dividing the reins with the three fingers, having the first finger on top of the near rein; then, pressing the right hand suddenly down on the reins, bring it close in to the body, and at the same instant lift the left hand upward about eight inches and slightly outward, and thus give the "dead stop," while calling "Whoa" (Figure 10). In changing the reins to give this final signal, be careful to grasp them both, avoiding the dropping of a rein. If the horses are held fairly hard before the "dead stop" is required, it will be only necessary to drop the right hand over the reins, press it in toward the body and lift the left hand high. It is not wise, nor is there always time enough, to pass the reins hand over hand

Fig. 10

THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

By Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., Retired

MY GOOD father passed to the other shore when I was nine years of age. Now, looking back over the sixty years since that event, it appears to me that as the eldest child and prospective head of the family I have been in the line of planning and striving to execute from that day to this. And without boasting I can claim several series of successes with a few mortifying defeats. Looking to me as to other workers in the field of humanity, some young man may ask, What is success?

When about eleven years of age, a farmer's boy as I was, I made up my mind, and had my mother's approval, to prepare for college, so that at fifteen years of age, when I passed the examination and entered a freshman class, that purpose had been executed, not so completely and thoroughly as it ought to have been, but still it was a staging from which to ascend. Next my resolution was fixed to graduate; at the expiration of four years, by the help of winter teaching and the aid of some friends, that purpose materialized

Unexpectedly, probably Providentially, I was urged to take a cadet appointment to the Military Academy. The next fixed resolution—though it bended now and then—was never broken until the diploma was placed in my hand. As a commissioned officer for three years, without any special plan of life, rather restless and uncertain, I confined myself to the duties that the commission required and the duties evolved by my own home. In the spring of 1857, seed that had been long germinating came to the surface. I seemed to turn over a new leaf in my life work, and I took into my thought and my heart what I have called the Divine Helper. I planned to leave the Army, but again and again I was hindered. I planned to enter the ministry, but I was prevented; still, notwithstanding the apparent defeat, a four-year course as instructor at West Point, and a four year solid study in the direction of the ministry, were essential to what, I believe, the Divine Helper Himself had in store for me.

Bushnell says, "God has a plan in every man's life." I believe it. Under the new leading I was called on step by step to new work. General Grant said to me the second time I was with him, at Bridgeport, Alabama, as we were sitting in my small Army tent, "Howard, I should be flying in the face of Providence to seek a command higher than that intrusted to me by my Government." To me came, without solicitation, first the command of a regiment at Augusta, Maine, next a brigade at Washington; next another brigade at Bladensburg, a division at Antietam; a corps (the Eleventh) at Brook's Station, Virginia, then a defeat at Chancellorsville, and a success with a larger command at Gettysburg, other successes at Lookout Valley, Missionary Ridge, with a journey with my corps to Knoxville and return; following came another and larger corps of Western men assigned me at Loudon, East Tennessee, under General George H. Thomas.

Then followed that wonderful campaign for more than one hundred days in battles too numerous to mention, till the charming, gallant, beloved McPherson fell in battle the twenty second of July, 1864. I was called to his place as the commander of the three corps combined, the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth, called the Army of the Tennessee. On the front line we had, in all, seven grand divisions; these, under my immediate charge, constituted the right wing of Sherman's operations from the time of the death of McPherson to the end of the war. We had successes only. In many battles, through the march to the sea and through the Carolinas to the final surrender of General Johnston not far from Raleigh, North Carolina, we had the advantage. During the most eventful campaign with which any of us were connected, no one of my divisions was ever ten minutes behind time, or in any one case defeated.

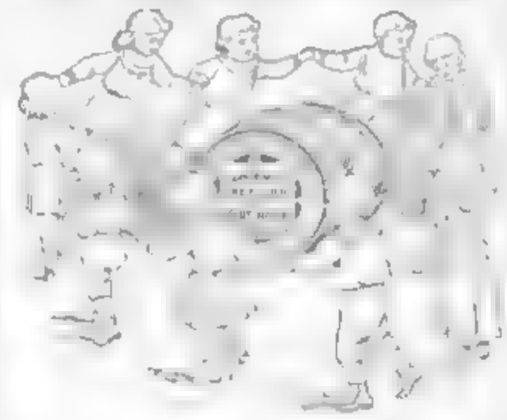
Arriving at Washington, with only a wondering in my heart as to what would come next, I was chosen without solicitation to become the Commissioner for the relief of freedmen and refugees. It would look like boasting to show the institutions of learning that were established, developed and maintained till success crowned every one of them. A people that had had no rights, no education, and only the privileges of slaves, rose up under the fostering care of the Government and the benevolence of philanthropic men and women to be established upon the plane of free men, free women and free children. Whether the results have been as great as they ought to have been, or the progress has been as rapid, or the work done as completely as it might have been, we will leave to history to determine. But surely there has been a mighty advance in the United States all along these lines. I felt in my heart at every stage in this development of the fruitage of right doing that I was laboring with my coadjutors to accomplish something of greatest value to mankind. Oh! the antagonisms, the heart burnings, the misunderstandings and the persecutions which attended such labors! who shall tell them? There were many disappointments, many unexpected obstacles, many mistakes, and many positive defeats; but, in the main, my purposes evolved in plans, and the plans were carried out. Foundations were laid in the line of education and up-building which for over a quarter of a century have never been shaken. After 1872 I was singularly called, first as a peace commissioner and later as a department commander, to deal with the Indians in Arizona and far and wide in the great Northwest.

In order to have a reasonably successful life a young man should make reasonable plans, and then set out to execute them with a purpose steady and fixed, not to be yielded until it is plain that they cannot be executed. If a young man is careful and conscientious he will be likely to get hold of the sort of work that he is fitted to perform.

Let him seek to have infused into his own soul the spirit of the Divine Master as a prerequisite to real success; if one keeps close enough to the Lord he will have the right kind of leading

In closing this paragraph I wish to remark that my life's success [illegible] pessimistic food. Hope is essential to effort. Effort soon ceases where there is no hope. It is a common proverb that "while there is life, there is hope"; the converse is: hope giveth life, and abundance of hope floods over many rocky places.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND



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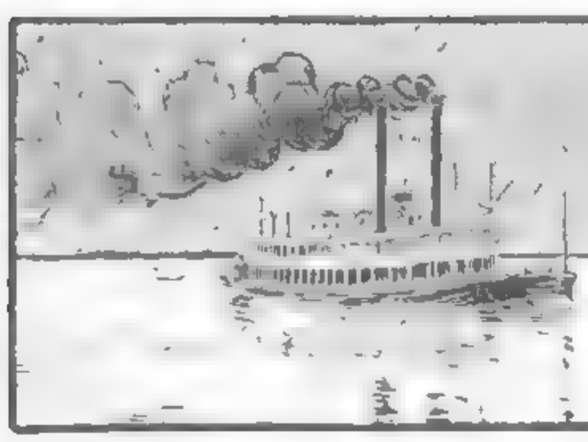

On the OLD Mississippi Speedway

By Homer Bassford

FOR many years the Natchez, built at Cincinnati, and the Lee, built at Louisville, had been rivals. The two were running between St. Louis and New Orleans in the summer of 1870, each laying claim to superiority in speed and equipment. The New Orleans papers in the latter part of June of that year, in the regular steamboat advertising columns, had announcements in the usual way that the Lee and the Natchez would leave for St. Louis at five o'clock on the afternoon of the thirtieth. That was enough. The public planned the race before the Captains had given much thought to the matter. All over the city, and, in turn, along the river to St. Louis, word went around that the Lee and the Natchez would fight it out on the long course up to the mouth of the Missouri.

Captain Tom Cannon, of the Robert E. Lee, was the first to give official credit to the reports. He did this by removing certain unnecessary woodwork from his boat. Wherever it was possible to take away a wind-resisting board that did not affect the vessel's structural strength the alteration was made. Captain Cannon also planned his fuel supply with great care, ordering the best of coal at convenient places on the course to St. Louis. As a further measure in the direction of keeping hot fires, he sent the steamer Pargoud to a point about five hundred miles up the river, loaded with pine knots.

WHEN THE PASSENGERS SHOUTED ORDERS

While all this preparation was in hand, the friends of Captain Leathers, commanding the Natchez, urged a similar course.

"No, I don't see it that way," the Captain is reported to have said. "My notion of this kind of a race is that the two should start out just as they sail under ordinary conditions."

On the evening of June 30 numerous crowds gathered on the levees at New Orleans. Almost on the stroke of five the boats backed out and started. The Natchez was probably a bit ahead in casting off, but the Lee secured a better position and was soon running in the lead.

Each boat carried picked crews, with the most skilled pilots. The negro help was of the best sort. Every roustabout and coal passer had as much interest in the outcome of the contest as the Captain or the most spirited passenger. They laughed and sang at their work, scarcely sleeping an hour in twenty-four. One of the quaint songs of the race, heard day and night on the Lee, ran like this:

"Oh, fare you well, Miss July,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
I'm gwine away to leave you,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
I'm gwine down the river,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
Lumber Louisiana!
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!
We are bound for to beat 'em,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

"Old Stormy was a mighty man,
Oh Stormy, oh!
He whipped his wife and sold his son,
Oh Stormy, oh!
He sold him for a bacon ham'
Oh, Stormy, oh!"

Nonsense, you say, but the sound of twenty black men's voices, let loose in the cool of the evening on the forward deck, with only the river, the stars, the sombre banks and the deep murmur of the engines—the effect is to be described in no man's words, by no man's pen. Add to this idea the thrill of an occasion such as a race between the fastest of boats on the greatest of rivers, and you have some notion of the state of mind on the Lee and the Natchez as the vessels tore northward. I have talked with men who rode with the Lee through those stirring three days. It was the greatest time of their lives. "When I heard that there was to be a race," said one, "I started to withdraw my name from the passenger list. My friends taunted me until I backed down and went aboard. Ten minutes after the boats slipped away at New Orleans I was shouting directions to the Captain. In the entire run to St. Louis I slept but ten hours."

A NECK-AND-NECK STRUGGLE FOR THE LEAD

When day broke on the morning of July 1 the boats were close to the mouth of the Red River, the Lee about ten minutes in the lead and in plain view of those on board the Natchez. All night passengers and crews on both vessels had watched in suppressed excitement the black piles of smoke and the flaming masses of sparks that broke out from time to time against an inky background. Gratuitous advice was showered upon each of the commanders, but both Captains, Leathers and Cannon, kept their own counsel in a good-natured way. At the city of Natchez, the namesake boat put off ten or twelve passengers, but she accomplished the task so speedily that it seemed that she scarcely touched the wharf. Then she was in the stream again, hard upon the wake of the racing Lee. At Vicksburg the Natchez was fourteen minutes behind. The boats dropped about twenty passengers here, losing no time either in landing or casting off. It was at Vicksburg that the Lee managed to spurt out of the view of the other boat, and there is a general contention that she was never seen again from the Natchez' decks. At Memphis, the entire population, with heavy additions from the surrounding country, saw the two boats. Each vessel stopped about seventeen minutes, transacting a large amount of business. Captain Cannon had secured much good fuel, and was elated over the prospect, not only of beating the Natchez, but of reducing the rival boat's time, then the record between St. Louis and New Orleans.

SALUTES AND SALVOS FROM THOUSANDS

Both Captains had sent telegrams to Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, for choice coal on barges. Captain Cannon's order was received first, and in consequence he had his choice of lighters. When Cairo was reached the Lee's Captain naturally chose the coal vessels lying farther out in the stream. He made fast at once, and the entire crew, with song and laughter, set to work transferring the fuel to the steamer. In a short time the task was accomplished and the lighters were cut loose. The Natchez lost a little time coaling, for she was obliged to go in closer to shore for her barges. Each vessel sprang forward like a living thing when the weighty coal carriers were cut away, and with plenty of excellent fuel set out on the last end of the race. All down bound vessels stopped their engines, dipped flags, and drifted while the racers sped north. At every landing the entire population was out for a glimpse at them, and there was no point at which the boats were not saluted most generously by cheers and firearms. It was stated at the time that 1,000,000 persons saw the race at some part of it. The number seems a low estimate considering the great crowds at New Orleans and St. Louis. Every authority at the time agreed that no less than $1,000,000 was wagered on the result.

The Lee's first difficulty was encountered near Cape Girardeau. At that time the whereabouts of the Natchez was not known. The sky was covered with a foreboding haze. Distant objects were faint, and, little by little, the haze grew.

RACING THROUGH THE BLANK FOG

Two hours later the banks were not visible. Captain Cannon and his lieutenants counseled. It seemed the part of the simplest wisdom to reduce the vessel's speed, if not to bring her to an absolute stop; but the fear that Captain Leathers might be bolder sorely tried the judgment of every one on board the Lee. The uncertainty did not last long, for a fresh breeze came up from somewhere and in a short time the Lee was again racing on to St. Louis at top speed.

Telegraphic bulletins had thrown the river towns into a fever of excitement. It seemed that the whole city of St. Louis would gather on the great levee on the morning the race was to end. By seven o'clock thousands upon thousands were there. Horsemen, footmen and owners of carriages crowded every inch of space. Housetops were black with sightseers. The winning Lee was at Sulphur Springs, at Jefferson Landing, then Jefferson Barracks, then Carondelet. Watchers at the levee from Spruce Street to Washington Avenue caught glimpses of smoke below the bend, and once in a while some one shouted, "Here she comes!" But it was a false cry, for practically the first sight of the boat was the vessel herself—ahead of it probably was a great burst of black smoke; but the racing vessel, throwing a scintillant stream of spray ten feet above her steel cutwater, was upon the view before the advance cry could be taken up. Cannon boomed a welcome, and thousands of throats cheered out of hearing the steam whistles of every welcoming vessel.

Captain Cannon pressed ashore, where an ovation awaited him. The first man to extend congratulations was the late Captain Eads, engineer of the great St. Louis bridge and the famous jetties below New Orleans. The official time was three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes. A pair of magnificent horns, won in 1856 by the Princess, holding the record from New Orleans to Natchez, were the property of the steamer Natchez. These went to the Lee. At the Southern Hotel, in the evening, a banquet was tendered to the Captains and their officers. It is one of the well remembered occasions in the history of steamboating.

There is something of a belief among present-day observers that the Missouri steamboat racing was more exciting, as a rule, than the Mississippi contests. Usually there is a brighter light in the veteran Captain's eye when he tells of a Missouri race than if his story is of a burst of speed in some other river. True enough, there was never a Lee Natchez race in the Big Muddy, but so many shorter, though equally thrilling, contests were fought out on that stream that they are past the counting.

A FAMOUS GO ON THE BIG MUDDY

The race which sticks in the minds of the old-timers is the trip from St. Louis to St. Joseph, about five hundred miles as the river runs, with the Polar Star and the James H. Lucas as contestants. The Polar Star had for a year "held the horns" as the fastest boat on the Missouri. About six o'clock one evening, in 1857, Captain Bryarly, commanding the champion, observed that Captain Andrew Winchland, of the Lucas, was almost ready to start. St. Joseph was the common destination.

"See here, Captain Andy," the Polar Star's master cried, across the water, "I'll give you a chance to win our horns."

Winchland smiled and in a careless way called out, "All right." His further answer was an order to cast off lines. The two boats stood to the north, nose to nose. Passengers who observed the proceedings went to the Captain, begging him not to race. Three hours later, with equal earnestness, they were entreating the commander to "throw on some more wood." All that night, all the next day, the two boats struggled for the mastery. Captain Bryarly was surprised and grieved to note, in the morning, that he had made no gain in the course of the night.

When the boats got to Jefferson City, the Polar Star, by dint of the most extraordinary exertion on the fire deck, had secured a slight advantage. Her passengers were shouting out wagers to the Lucas' passengers, who seemed to make their bets with uncalled for confidence. Captain Bryarly stormed about, now on the main deck, now in the wheelhouse, now on the hurricane deck, and again to the pilots, swearing and ordering until it seemed that the Polar Star would never lose. Meanwhile Captain Andy Winchland—rest his soul!—had left off storming. With an hour of sleep he came on deck to find that his boat was half a dozen lengths to the bad. Without advertising the fact of his whereabouts, he went to the fireroom. He looked it over for its needs. The fuel, he found, was not quite to his liking, but in the cargo there were barrels of fat which, applied to coal and wood, might make a difference under his boilers. Presently, therefore, the smokestacks of the Lucas began to belch forth a new kind of smoke. By night, fire would have shown at their tops. Then the space between champion and challenger began to lessen.

FEEDING THE FIRES WITH RAW FAT

Bryarly stormed at his men, but the boat moved no faster. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the other vessel crawled up through the churning foam left by the wonderful Polar Star. Just below Rocheport, a typical Missouri river town, there is a formation akin to a cañon. Steaming between its rock-bound, ivy-covered sides, the passenger finds the sense of evening upon him. The afternoon sun is out of view, and deep shadows at the shore line lend a solemnity that is heightened by the unusual murmur of the turbid waters in their narrowed confines.

It was in this deep place, good for steaming, that the Lucas forged up to the Polar Star's beam. The Captain of the challenging vessel was not in view. He remained on the fire deck, urging this or that humble helper to greater efforts. Fuel was gathered and placed with the care a mother bestows upon her tender infant. The Captain's eye was on the bearings in the engine-room; the wheel-house was visited to see if there was any resistance that might be cut away.

WHEN THE POLAR STAR SANK OUT OF SIGHT

Just above the town of Rocheport the river bends. Standing on the after deck of a steamer, the little hillside city seems to swing to the left. Then, in half an hour, as the boat proceeds on a good depth of water, a fringe of green suddenly rises and cuts the town from view. It was here that Captain Winchland learned that he had won a championship. The Polar Star was lost to view! The advantage gained was never lost, for throughout the afternoon and all of that night the Captain of the Lucas watched his fires.

Through the Saline bottom lands, where the Missouri races through flat sands in her muddy course, the Lucas pushed on. Between rock-lined shores up to Leavenworth the winning boat hurried. Two or three times, where the river described the letter S, smoke across the two great bends told the passengers and crew that the Polar Star was yet in the wake, and by the same token the other boat's people felt that there was yet a chance of success.

At length, two days and twelve hours out of St. Louis, the Lucas landed at St. Joseph. Two hours later the defeated Polar Star steamed up to the levee. The Lucas had surpassed the record by eight hours. Captain Bryarly, gallant commander that he was, ordered the horns down from his hurricane deck. Miss Bessie Fox, daughter of a prominent citizen, received them from his hands and placed them before Captain Winchland.

Hills across the river rang out the echo of cheers that followed. Most all the actors of that little comedy drama are dead now, but the recollection of it to those who survive is one of the happiest of lifetime's memories.

JOHNSONHAM, JUNIOR

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

NOW any one will agree with me that it is entirely absurd for two men to fall out about their names; but then, circumstances alter cases. It had its beginning in 1863, and it has just ended.

In the first place, Ike and Jim had been good friends on the plantation, but when the time came for them to leave and seek homes for themselves each wanted a name. The master's name was Johnson, and they both felt themselves entitled to it. When Ike went forth to men as Isaac Johnson, and Jim, not to be outdone, became James Johnsonham, the rivalry began.

When both families moved North and settled in Little Africa they had been taught that there must be eternal enmity between them on account of their names, and just as lasting a friendship on every other score. But with boys it was natural that the rivalry should extend to other things. When they went to school it was a contest for leadership both in the classroom and in sports, and when Isaac Johnson left school to go to work in the brickyard, James Johnsonham, not to be outdone in industry, also entered the same field of labor.

Later, it was questioned all up and down Douglass Street—which, by the way, is the social centre of Little Africa—as to which of the two was the better dancer or the more gallant beau. It was a piece of good fortune that they did not fall in love with the same girl and bring their rivalry into their affairs of the heart, for they were only men, and nothing could have kept them friends. But they came quite as near it as they could, for Matilda Benson was as bright a girl as Martha Mason, and when Ike married her she was an even-running contestant with her friend, Martha, for the highest social honors of their own particular set.

It was a foregone conclusion that when they were married and settled they should live near each other. So the houses were distant from each other only two or three doors. It was because every one knew every one else's business in that locality that Sandy Worthington took it upon himself to taunt the two men about their bone of contention.

"Mr. Johnson," he would say, when, coming from the downtown store where he worked, he would meet the two coming from their own labors in the brickyard, "how are you an' Mistah Johnsonham mekin' it ovah yo' names?"

"Well, I don' know that Johnsonham is so much of a name," Ike would say; and Jim would reply: "I 'low it's mo' name than Johnson, anyhow."

"So is stealin' ham mo' than stealin'," was the other's rejoinder, and then his friends would double up with mirth.

Sometimes the victorious repartee was Jim's, and then the laugh was on the other side. But the two went at it all good-naturedly, until one day, one foolish day, when they had both stopped too often on the way home, Jim grew angry at some little fling of his friend's, and burst into hot abuse of him. At first Ike was only astonished, and then his eyes, red with the dust of the brick-field, grew redder, the veins of his swarthy face swelled, and with a "Take that, Mistah Johnsonham," he gave Jim a resounding thwack across the face.

It took only a little time for a crowd to gather, and, with their usual tormentor to urge them on, the men forgot themselves and went into the fight in dead earnest. It was a hard-fought battle. Both rolled in the dust, caught at each other's short hair, pummeled, bit and swore. They were still rolling and tumbling when their wives, apprised of the goings on, appeared upon the scene and marched them home.

After that, because they were men, they kept a sullen silence between them, but Matilda and Martha, because they were women, had much to say to each other, and many unpleasant epithets to hurl and hurl again across the two yards that intervened between them. Finally, neither little family spoke to the other. And then, one day, there was a great bustle about Jim's house. A wise old woman went waddling in, and later the doctor came. That night the proud husband and father was treating his friends, and telling them it was a boy, and his name was to be James Johnsonham, Junior.

For a week Jim was irregular and unsteady in his habits, when one night, full of gin and pride, he staggered up to a crowd which was surrounding his rival, and said in a loud voice, "James Johnsonham, Junior—how does that strike you?"

"Any bettah than Isaac Johnson, Junior?" asked some one, slapping the happy Ike on the shoulder as the crowd burst into a loud guffaw. Jim's head was sadly bemuddled, and for a time he gazed upon the faces about him in bewilderment. Then a light broke in upon his mind, and with a "Whoo-ee!" he said, "No!" Ike grinned a defiant grin at him, and led the way to the nearest place where he and his friends might celebrate.

Jim went home to his wife full of a sullen, heavy anger. "Ike Johnson got a boy at his house, too," he said, "an' he done put Junior to his name." Martha raised her head from the pillow and hugged her own baby to her breast closer.

"It do beat all," she made answer airily; "we can't do a blessed thing but them thaih Johnsons has to follow right in ouah steps. Anyhow, I don' believe their baby is no sich healthy lookin' chile as this one is, bress his little hea't! 'Cause I knows Matilda Benson nevah was any too strong."

She was right; Matilda Benson was not so strong. The doctor went oftener to Ike's house than he had gone to Jim's, and three or four days after an undertaker went in.

They tried to keep the news from Martha's ears, but somehow it leaked into them, and when Jim came home on that evening she looked into her husband's face with a strange, new expression.

"Oh, Jim," she cried weakly, "'Tildy done gone, an' me jes' speakin' ha'd 'bout huh a little while ago, an' that po' baby lef' thaih to die! Ain't it awful?"

"Nev' min'," said Jim huskily; "nev' min', honey." He had seen Ike's face when the messenger had come for him at the brickyard, and the memory of it was like a knife at his heart.

"Jes' think, I said, only a day or so ago," Martha went on, "that 'Tildy wasn't strong; an' I was glad of it, Jim, I was glad of it! I was jealous of huh havin' a baby, too. Now she's daid, an' I feel jes' lak I'd killed huh. S'p'osin' God 'ud sen' a jedgment on me—s'p'osin' He'd take our little Jim?"

"Sh, sh, honey," said Jim, with a man's inadequacy in such a moment. "'Tain't yo' fault; you nevah wished huh any ha'm."

"No; but I said it, I said it!"

"Po' Ike," said Jim absently; "po' fellah!"

"Won't you go thaih," she asked, "an' see what you kin do fu' him?"

"He don' speak to me."

"You mus' speak to him; you got to do it, Jim; you got to."

"What kin I say? 'Tildy's daid."

She reached up and put her arms around her husband's brawny neck. "Go bring that po' little lamb hyeah," she said. "I kin save it, an' 'ten' to two. It'll be a sort of consolation fu' him to keep his chile."

"Kin you do that, Marthy?" he said. "Kin you do that?"

"I know I kin." A great load seemed to lift itself from Jim's heart as he burst out of the house. He opened Ike's door without knocking. The man sat by the empty fireplace with his head bowed over the ashes.

"Ike," he said, and then stopped.

Ike raised his head and glanced at him with a look of dull despair. "She's gone," he replied; "'Tildy's gone." There was no touch of anger in his tone. It was as if he took the visit for granted. All petty emotions had passed away before this great feeling which touched both earth and the beyond.

"I cum fu' the baby," said Jim. "Marthy, she'll take keer of it."

He reached down and found the other's hand, and the two hard palms closed together in a strong grip. "Ike," he went on, "I'm goin' to drop the 'Junior' an' the 'ham,' an' the two little ones'll jes' grow up togethah, one o' them lak the othah."

The bereaved husband made no response. He only gripped the hand tighter. A little while later Jim came hastily from the house with something small wrapped closely in a shawl.

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WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

A Workingman's Struggle*

HAVE you a mind to read of a young lady of refinement and education who married a plain workingman who was comparatively happy when he could earn a dollar and a half a day? That is what happens in Mr. Hervey White's Differences. It is not quite fair to blurt it out beforehand, but after all, the bald fact doesn't greatly signify. We all know that such a match is a very perilous one to make, not because young ladies reared in luxury are always made of such radically different clay from workingmen, but because a radical change of environment and conditions of life is a great strain on love and an undesirably violent test of character. We know that as a rule such matches bring unhappiness to both parties to them, but Mr. White's Genevieve and his John Wade are both exceptional people, and he leads them up to marriage through such gradations of feeling and experience that it seems inevitable in the end that they should mate, and the reader leaves them with fairly good hopes for their future happiness.

This is a Chicago story, and the time of it seems to be those years following the crash of '93, when Chicago was full of men who wanted work and could not find it. John Wade was one of those men. Genevieve Radcliffe was a young woman whose circumstances were easy, who had been to Wellesley College, and who took serious views of life. How her yearnings over the sad case of humanity led her to the shelter of a Settlement House, and how she met John Wade, and what came of it all, is well told. The book is interesting. The story, as a story, is good. John Wade is an upright, lovable man, and his lot is not so painful but that it is good to be with him. There are ups and downs in the labor world, but this story deals almost exclusively with the downs. There is an immense deal of happiness among the people who work with their hands, but we see comparatively little of it in this story. Neither is there in this country so great a gulf fixed between the more prosperous and the less prosperous folk as Mr. White has indicated. The mechanic in real life does not marry the banker's daughter, but it may easily happen to the mechanic's son to marry the banker's granddaughter.

Mr. White seems to have written a novel with a purpose, and of course that is a literary misdemeanor. He is a little less culpable, though, in that his purpose is good, and because one half of the world is so prone to forget how the other half lives, and needs to be so continually reminded of it.

—E. S. Martin.

Present-Day Egypt†

WE ALL want to go to Egypt—that is, all of us who have in our nature any desire to travel and see what is different from the things we have at home. And Egypt is the place for us to go. But as most of us are in a hurry when we go away and cannot spare the time to settle down in strange lands and set up housekeeping, we are kept so mortally busy trying to understand the strange things around us that we forget to enjoy ourselves. For such as are like to what I have described, Mr. Renfield has done a real service.

He tells us what we want to know and makes us thoroughly understand it. It is by no means a guide-book—there are lots of them—nor is it an archæological dissertation on the antiquities of this oldest country in the world. Of such the libraries are full. But it is a frank, and sometimes an eloquent, talk from an American with a very alert and unprejudiced mind who has taken advantage of unusual opportunities for observation.

Mr. Renfield was United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Cairo for four years, and naturally had a chance to know what was going on, besides seeing behind the curtains which veil off the interior life of the official Egyptians from outside view. He took full advantage of his opportunities, and, being moved to write, he has given us a book which, though full of information and concrete facts, is thoroughly fascinating.

What bothers us first, in considering or in visiting Egypt, is the curiously mixed relation that the Khedival Government bears toward Turkey on the one hand and England on the other. Of this our author treats in a chapter he calls Paradoxical Administration, a chapter which shows that this paradox, like most others that attract attention, works to a good end, and that Egyptian affairs under the management of English officials are being put into a condition like to which they have never been before, and to which no Oriental financier ever could have brought them. Rapidly he also takes us through the recent political and revolutionary crisis; he lingers long in fascinating Cairo, and then tells us exactly what we want to know of Egypt as a health resort. When medical men tell us about places in which to seek health they usually muddle their statements, so that in the end what they have said is about as clear as a black draught; when invalids report, the place is good or bad according to the way it suited each sick man and his pet illness; but here is the report of a layman who never was sick in his life. So he tells us when we should go and when not, and we feel that in him we can thoroughly rely.

—John Gilmer Speed.

How Shall We Read?

THERE are two ways to eat: one, with the deliberate decorum of the dinner-table; the other, with the transporting momentum of the lunch counter. The English language is short of verbs to express the distinction; we must turn to the German, wherein *essen* means to eat like human beings, and *fressen* to eat like the brute creation—to gnaw, to gobble, to exercise an unruly activity at the hayrack or the trough.

And there are two ways to read: they have just been described. Each of these ways may be good in the right place, with the right sort of provender. But a banquet is one thing and a snack taken standing is another. There is one sort of behavior prescribed for a rapid lunch, when ten minutes must find me back again at the office, and another for a set dinner which—prologue, epilogue and all—may be a matter of three hours or so.

How do I stand toward the man who offers me refreshment?

The proprietor of the lunch counter is no friend of mine; his efforts are no more addressed to me than to a thousand other patrons. So I shall treat his impersonal offering with a frank informality. I shall pick here and nibble there, and plunge through my own meal in my own way, and leave when I see fit.

My host of the dinner, however, *is* a friend—or would wish to make himself such; shall I not treat him with the courtesy that his fair intention merits? Shall I champ through his succession of dishes with a pricking sense of imminent departure? Shall I derange his courses by hasty snatches at anything that unruly whim and passing opportunity may combine to suggest? Shall I grumble (with my eyes on the approaching *entrée*) that ferns are superfluities, and feel (with the carriage at the door) that *café noir* is a mere waste of time?

No; let me meet his function half way, at least, by bringing a serene and deliberate desire to "assist" at it. He has given me his best thought, his best efforts; let me, for my share, contribute some fitting sense of the value of time and of sequence—in other words, order. I shall run over his menu in advance, assuredly, but let me bear in mind that the food is only a small part of the feast. The manner of the entertainment is distinctly equal to the matter of it—else let me seek some humble board free from vexing non-essentials and ravish it in a frenzy of headlong haste of such straightforward substantials as it may happen to "groan" under.

"I read for the story." But how much of the story *is* the story? Well, it may be all of it, or a good deal of it, or rather little of it, or next to nothing of it. On the lower literary planes the story may be the whole thing—there may be nothing else. Rise in the scale and the story frequently enough sinks in importance. No one would try to minimize the importance of the "story" in Armadale; no one would attempt to magnify the importance of the "story" in the Divine Comedy. In either case the attempt would be a mistake.

The mere story may be almost a non-essential; insistence on it may frequently serve as an actual impediment. Indeed, there are readers here and there who are glad enough to get the story out of the way as early as possible. They give a rapid preliminary skim over the story for the sake of the story—a glance down the menu—and then go back to read carefully the book for the sake of the book.

For, after all, in every case worth while, the book's the thing. The book is the author much more than the story is; and from the author, one likes to hope, no fair-minded reader will withhold the degree of consideration due to his efforts, at least, and to his good intentions. If, in addition to these, he can show real skill, a mere cursory treatment of his book would be a barbarity—save for that light-fingered free-luncher, the reviewer, for whose guidance no mere practicing novelist would presume to lay down rules.

—Henry B. Fuller.

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

THE most recent addition to the Beacon Biographies is an admirable little Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne by Mrs. James T. Fields, whose distinguished husband was Hawthorne's publisher and trusted friend. Mrs. Fields has approached her task sympathetically and with much intimate knowledge of the personality and the home life of the novelist. She has chosen, wherever possible, to let Hawthorne speak for himself through the media of his own journal, his letters to his wife, his mother, and to Mr. Fields. Several of these letters are here published for the first time. Mrs. Fields' Life is not a voluminous nor a pretentious one, but it is a delightful presentation of one of the foremost of American men of letters. *Small, Maynard & Co.*

The problem of the supernatural is always a difficult one in literature; for, if we specify too minutely, the climax is immediately forthcoming; and if we hold back too coyly, where are the spinal thrills the reader has paid for? Mr. Bram Stoker gives us full worth in Dracula. We begin to shudder in the opening chapter, and never stop till we lay the book down. Withal, he has staged his mysteries very craftily; nobody quite knows what the terror is, though at every step we feel its presence. Every tale of horror has to have a pleasant ending, and Dracula is no exception. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, and an occasional contributor to these columns, has just published a thoughtful and readable volume entitled Great Books as Life-Teachers. Doctor Hillis is a wide and omnivorous reader, and the present work shows to what good end he has read. The author draws his teachings from such works as the Seven Lamps of Architecture, Romola, the Scarlet Letter, Les Miserables, and Idylls of the King. No one who is familiar with Doctor Hillis' writings need be told that these essays are original in thought and brilliant in literary style. The author is a man of rare imaginative ability, and he has the infrequent gift of investing with interest and dignity the most commonplace theme. *Fleming H. Revell Company.*

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary is a judicious abridgment of the larger work, and is designed especially to meet the wants of students. Its vocabulary is remarkably complete, and it is rich in new words and phrases and scientific terms which are the product of recent years. The definitions are lucid and satisfactory, and are arranged in the historical order in which the word received its shades of meaning. The appendix contains a good

*Differences. By Hervey White. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

†Present-Day Egypt. Frederic C. Renfield. *The Century Company.*

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working glossary of Scotch words, a pronouncing vocabulary of proper names, and many useful and valuable tables. For ordinary uses it is a most serviceable work. *The G. & C. Merriam Company.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Bolton Hall differ about Things as They Are. Mr. Hall sets forth his views in an attractively gotten up little book—a series of seven essays and a collection of fables—under that title. This is what he saw: "I saw that we receive the greatest material benefits from spendthrifts, blackguards and destroyers"—that "thrift is a curse"—that, in short, "our social system is unequaled for producing devils." Mr. Hall runs afoul of an old economic snag in that opening statement, and the remainder will hardly pass unchallenged. However, we will all agree that the existing order is far short of perfection, and, if we are open-minded, must read with interest a discussion in many ways so deep and far-reaching. Particularly ingenious is the author's scheme of conduct and morality—one is not the surer of its soundness for its brilliance.

In the fables Mr. Hall is at his best. A sure touch and a clear style are never amiss in a fable. Mr. Hall has both, and adds thereto strong conviction heightened with temperate utterance. The most adverse criticism he could meet he anticipates in the fable entitled The Motive Power, and for favorable criticism he will hardly lack. *Small, Maynard & Co., Incorporated.*

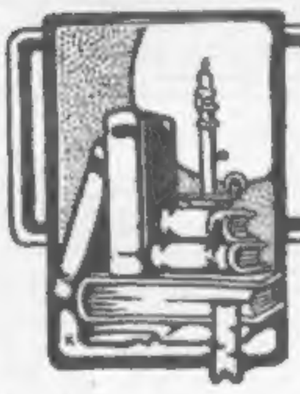
Admirers of the author of Les Miserables will wish to read the long-heralded Memoirs of Victor Hugo which have just been brought out simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. This posthumous volume is in no sense an exhaustive autobiography, but a collection of fragmentary writings such as impressions of notable men, accounts of important events, and such stray reminiscences as one would expect from a famous man of letters. The Memoirs date back to 1825, when the writer witnessed the coronation of Charles X. The introduction of the volume is by M. Paul Meurice, Hugo's literary executor, and the painstaking translation is the work of Mr. John W. Harding. *G. W. Dillingham & Co.*

We do not use the short story in its native simplicity—as a race we have not the instinct for form—but volumes like Sarah P. Brooks' In the Bivouac of Life show that we are shaping it to our own needs and uses. Miss Brooks' short stories are sections complete in themselves that yet fit into a larger panorama. In Dolorous Dolly, Miss Brooks does her best work. She succeeds, with Dolly's mother, in seizing a type hard to seize—the woman who has reserve, but is not cold; is polished, without affectation; everywhere is even in her manner, and yet can pick her friends; who carries beneath an unruffled exterior a thoughtful mind and a sensitive heart. *Drexel Biddle.*

Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk sees to it that Dorothy and Her Friends have a very good time. They seem not to be too simple about it, either, or to live in a world too distressingly suggestive of the nursery. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Admirers of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson—and they are without number—will welcome a new volume of his brilliant sketches of society types. The Education of Mr. Pipp is a wonderfully clever and characteristic collection of drawings—originally published in Life—which chronicle the tribulations of Mr. Pipp and the social doings of his two daughters during their stay abroad. This volume, like its predecessors, is handsomely gotten up, and is uniform in size and binding with Mr. Gibson's other collections of drawings. *R. H. Russell Company.*

In the What is Worth While Series the following are just published: The Choice of a College for a Boy, by Charles Franklin Thwing; Opportunities for Culture, by Jeannette M. Dougherty; The Trend of the Century, by President Seth Low, and Rational Education for Girls, by Elizabeth Hutchinson Murdock. *T. Y. Crowell & Co.*



NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

M. Bourget's Travels.—In Paris the other day, Paul Bourget encountered a cynical, but good-natured, American. The Frenchman remarked, "I'm going to America soon to get material for another novel."

"Yes," answered the American, "and I hope your venture will be as successful as your last."

"Thank you," quoth Bourget; "so you like my book?"

"Very well, indeed."

"I am glad of that; I like America—it is so much like dear Paris. I tried to express that in my book."

"Yes," went on the American, "I saw that you had done so. When I read it I said to myself, 'Well, well; Bourget has never gone outside of his French boarding-house.'"

Stevenson's New Word.—Robert Louis Stevenson's letters give the reader a truer idea of his personality than any of his other writings. Doctor Murray, editor of the New English Dictionary, has in his possession an unpublished letter of the author of Treasure Island which is valued very highly. The editor wrote to Stevenson to get an explanation and definition of the word "brean," which appeared in one of his most exciting stories. The author replied that "brean" was really "ocean" misprinted; that he had a very bad handwriting; the compositor had misunderstood the word, and he himself had been too sick to read the proofs of the book. He then proceeded to draw diagrams showing how his o's looked like b's and his c's like r's. But the queerest thing about it all was that "brean" had become a word, and had already found users, who had read the work, and had made its appearance in two popular dictionaries.

Mrs. Drew and Her Young Critic.—The autobiographical sketch of Mrs. John Drew, which is now making its appearance in book form, brings up to many of both the younger and older generations her vivacity of character. A pleasant memory attaches to one of the last appearances which Mrs. John Drew made in the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia. She often told this story to her son and to his friends.

"My last and greatest attraction was Mr. Jefferson," said Mrs. Drew. "He never went back on me. I shall not forget an incident which happened just before one of his engagements as he and I were sitting in the box-office. A bright, pert young schoolgirl asked for seats for that night. She said: 'Mama and papa say we must be sure and see this play and Mrs. John Drew and Mr. Joseph Jefferson. You know they are very old and decrepit people, and so I want something way down front, for that is the only way we shall be able to hear them.'"

Mrs. Drew became so interested in the girl and her talk that she is said to have asked an usher to watch them and make a report of their conversation during the play, and this is what he reported: Between the acts the young girl asked, "Well, where are the old people?" and at the end remarked, "Well, well, nobody would think those people were nearly a hundred, would they? I suppose it's all stage make-up, anyhow."

Serious Mr. Le Queux at Play.—William Le Queux, the traveler and novelist, who has pictured life on the Sahara in thrilling if not alluring colors, has settled down for the present near Milan, where he has Mascagni, the composer, for a friend and neighbor. Mr. Le Queux is artist, metaphysician and athlete, as well as writer, and in his leisure moments he turns to contrasts for recreation. His latest fad is the writing of a book of Oriental nonsense jingles, which he has illustrated in pencil, and for which Mascagni has composed music. It is not intended for publication, but those persons who have seen it and heard the music speak of the effort in the highest terms of praise.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN:

The World's Wish for Peace

This is the fourth paper in the notable series of articles which is now appearing in the Post. Mr. Reed makes out a strong case of the likelihood of universal peace. He bases his argument on the tendencies and advancements of the century, and looks forward to a day when war will be too costly to be waged. "But," says he, "the proclamation that there shall be no more wars will come from the tradesman and not from the preacher."

By THOMAS BRACKETT REED

The Excellent Revenge of Eleanor

Strictly speaking, it is not a revenge at all, but such as it is, it is "excellent," and so is the story.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

Winter Sport

This week's paper is on curling, the exhilarating out-of-door sport imported from Scotland and growing rapidly in public favor. **By J. E. G. RYAN**

Through Harvard on Fifty Cents

A Harvard graduate, who reached Cambridge with but fifty cents in his pocket—or anywhere else—tells how he worked his way through college without outside assistance.

By LLOYD WILLIAMS

The Loss of The Doric

A lively story of a stolen steamship and the long chase her captain led the sea-going detectives.

By H. PHELPS WHITMARSH

The Midwinter Fiction Number

The next Double Number of the Post will be the Midwinter Fiction Number—a handsome magazine of thirty-two pages and colored cover. It will be on all news-stands January 25. The leading story, in title La Lettre d'Amour, and illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, is

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Yesterday, To-Day and To-Morrow

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

TO THOUGHTFUL minds nations seem savage or civilized according to the way in which they measure time. Rude races and ignorant heed not those brief divisions named hours and days. By moons the painted savage marks the approach of the hunting season, or notes the distance his tribe has journeyed from some bloody defeat or victory. For the forest child, shivering in his frail hut, and weak for want of his roots and wild berries, life holds so little pleasure that no record is kept of the passing years. Therefore the old Sioux chief counts himself one hundred and ten years of age, for suffering has made his few years seem many.

As man goes toward wisdom and happiness, as his tools become strong, his books wise, his home happy, or because his life is rich, he parts reluctantly with one of his few golden years. Conscious that a single day may suffice to invent a tool, to read a great book, to discover a new friend or organize a reform, the very hours become treasures—rich beyond compare. If in rude ages the forest children measured time by moons; if later the Egyptian priest entered the temple to number the days upon a tablet for masters and slaves alike; if, rising higher, society invented a dial to measure the hours in a day—now at last the very minutes have become precious, and man has a timepiece that divides these golden grains into seconds, lest some precious fragment be lost.

THE GOLDEN HOURS AS MILESTONES OF LIFE

These measurements of man's life, therefore, are the true milestones of social progress. In the dawn of history, for savage peoples, epochs alone were important, and life was measured by infancy, maturity and old age. In Moses' era years had become valuable, and the sage measured his life by "threescore years and ten." As civilization advanced days became precious. For Julius Cæsar twelve hours sufficed to win a battle, to write an oration, or to enact a law. Therefore, when the great man died the day was noted, and men said Cæsar was slain on the Ides of March. But now that society has greatly enriched its arts and sciences, its friendship and worship, the minutes have become important, and Tennyson's biographer writes, "The great poet breathed his last at 1:35 A. M."

For the eager child a year seems almost an endless period, an orb large as a radiant sun that goes forward glowing and sparkling with ten thousand effects. But in view of what the citizen would fain accomplish for his home, his store, his church, his city, a year shrinks from the vastness of a planet into a tiny globe scarcely larger than a pearl.

Growing old, Lord Shaftesbury exclaimed: "I cannot bear to go away from earth leaving behind so much of suffering!" Many are man's ambitions and few his achievements! And because his summers and winters are so short and so precious, man reluctantly confesses the passing of another year, telling him how far he has journeyed from his cradle toward his unseen grave.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

The death of the old year and the dawn of this New Year's morn seem like solemn bells by which God tolls for us the flight of time. With unerring accuracy the sun and earth measure out our years. And though man in his agitation cries out, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon!" the solemn tramp of the days goes on. Pathetic, indeed, the "mystic march of the silent-footed hours."

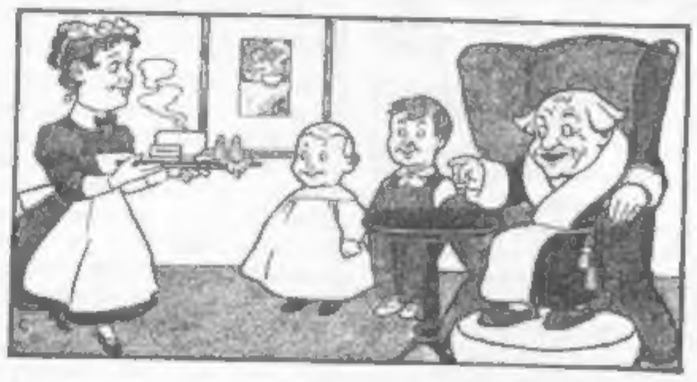
Guido Reni painted the hours as an angel group, with rosy light upon their garments, with laughter upon their lips and flowers upon their foreheads, and made the angelic band march forward, dancing and singing the long day through. But once they have gone, memory looks back upon these receding hours as upon ghostlike forms whose wreaths have faded, whose rosy light has turned to sombre gray, whose arms do bear away not fresh flowers but withered hopes, lost opportunities and battered aspirations. Gone the old year! And yet all that was good in it abides as a permanent possession. Gone the troubles that once rose above us like threatening storms! But if the clouds have gone, the raindrops they showered down remain, lending new richness to life's root and stalk. Gone the adversities with which we wrestled. But the strength that came by wrestling remains, having changed men from feeblings into giants. Gone the scenes of our fierce battles with temptations and sin! But the spiritual victories abide like shields of vanquished enemies hanging upon the walls of memory. Gone, too, those companions and friends who came to us as the very angels of God! But, lo! if once their love shone like lamps, now their pure spirits glow like stars shining forever in God's sky.

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE

These yesterdays, many and great, lend momentum to the souls of to-day. Scientists tell us that once the earth's soil was bare and thin. Then the leaves fell, and, falling, enriched the earth and lent the later boughs a richer flower and a riper fruit. And though the yesterdays pass and disappear, they do not die. They only change their form, reappearing in the added wisdom, strength and virtue of future days. For man lives a double life. Standing in the present, memory works backward and reaps the harvest of former days. Yesterday is a granary holding seeds for to-morrow's sowing. Yesterday is a library holding wisdom for to-morrow's ignorance. Yesterday is an armory holding tools and weapons for to-morrow's battles. A thousand yesterdays combine to make a great to-day, just as a thousand little streams and rivulets unite to make the great river that moves forward bearing up fleets of peace and plenty. But if yesterday holds the materials for man's coming tasks, to-morrow holds his real life.

To-morrow is a book upon whose white pages the soul will write the new forms of wisdom and love. To-morrow is a garden where man will sow and reap new harvests of happiness. These coming days are like the slabs of marble and granite with which the architect builds a temple new and beautiful for God's indwelling. Awed by the silent, unceasing footfall of the receding hours, the poet likened life to "the withering grass," to a "watch in the night," to "the mountain flood," to "the arrow's flight." But if life is "a tale that is told," the tale lives on and will be retold in a thousand camps and wept over in a thousand cottages. Life is the flight of an arrow. But the lost arrow is found again in "the heart of an oak," a silent witness of a hero gone, a silent inspiration to heroes yet to come.

Yesterday may be the flight of a bird. But the bird, "lone wandering, is not lost," telling us that God guides man also through "the desert and the illimitable air," and, like the bird, man, too, arrives, in God's good time and way, at home. Life is like the falling flake, that now is here and now is gone. Yet that snowflake which disappears does but sink to the root to reappear in the gorgeous flood of autumn's purple clusters. Farewell, therefore, a glad farewell to the old year. For if its husks perish, its seed remains. Welcome and all hail to the new year. For he who can serenely look back has earned the right to look forward with hope and victory.



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